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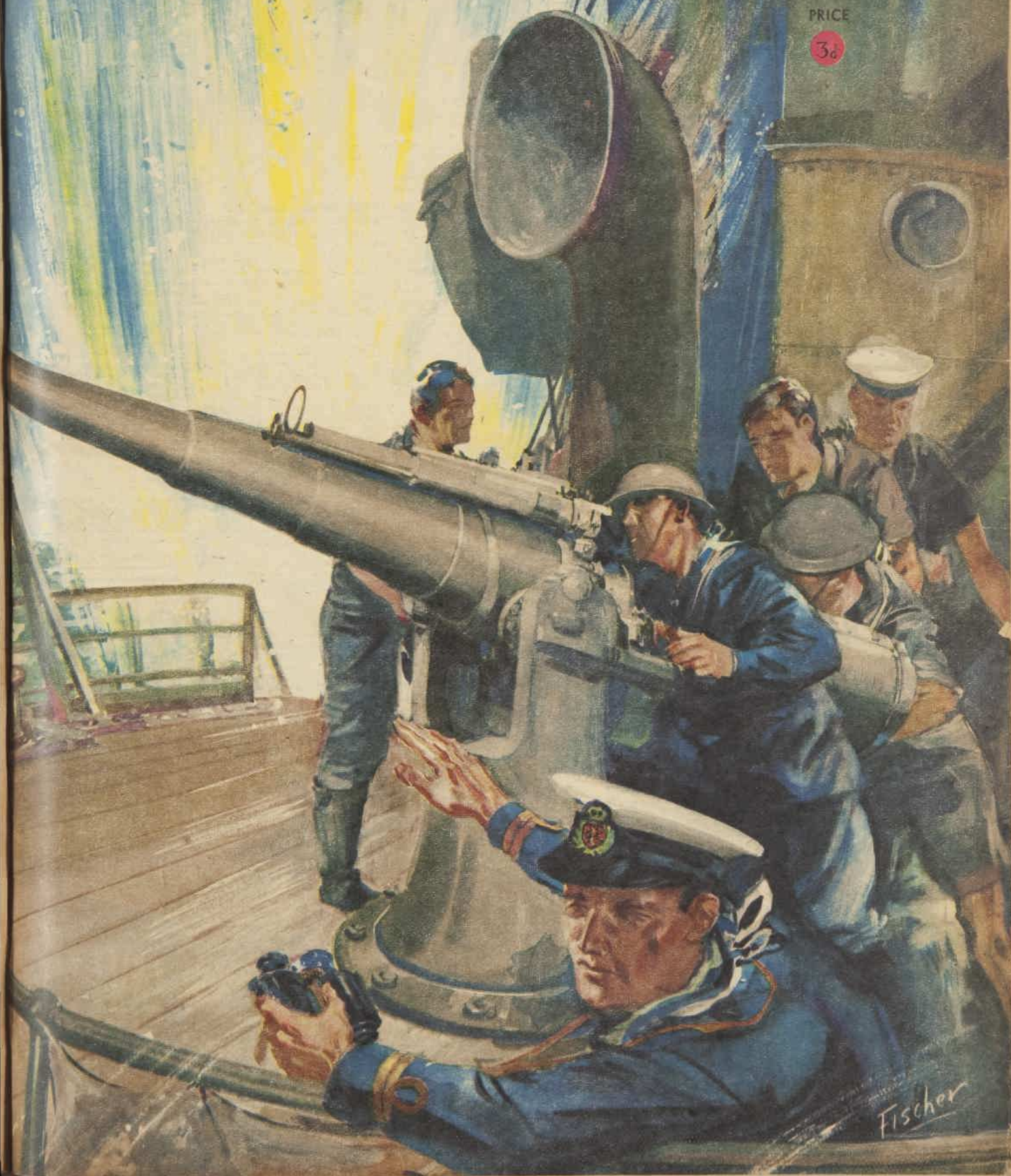
WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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PRICE

3d



ONE DOZEN ROSES

By ...

ANNE LORRAINE

GIVE me one dozen roses," Rob shouted gaily from the bathroom. "Put my heart in beside 'em—"

Rob's mother paused at the foot of the stairs, and reflected how good it was to have her boy home on leave. For seven days the house would be in an uproar. For seven nights she would be able to sleep peacefully, knowing he was safe.

He had arrived last night bigger and more handsome than ever. No wonder the girls all fell in love with him. Mrs. Chapman wrinkled her usually smooth forehead. This time, it seemed, Rob was serious. He talked of nothing else but this Joy, and now he was dressing to go and spend the day with her.

"Mum," he called now, poking a wet head over the banisters. "Like to be an angel? Ring up 'Hester,' the florist, and order me a dozen of the best roses, to be sent to Joy, will you? I want them to pave the way for me. It's the big day to-day, my lady. Your son is out to get him a wife."

Mrs. Chapman shrugged her plump shoulders. A dozen roses, indeed. In her days, men didn't have to have expensive roses to pave the way for them.

"Do you want a card enclosed," she asked.

"Just ask them to put this," he said, a trifle sheepishly. "My heart comes with them."

Mrs. Chapman positively blushed. And she had thought her son hard-boiled. Dearly me, this must be even more serious than she had thought.

"Oh, by the way," Mrs. Chapman called up as Rob went back to his room, "mind if I have some flowers sent at the same time in your name? Save a whole lot of bother while I'm ordering yours."

She went to the telephone and rang "Hester." She had never liked the phone, and she was apt to get

very tangled up talking on it, much to the secret amusement of her family. After a few minutes' struggle, she banged down the receiver and sighed with deep relief. "Thank goodness that's done," she said flatly.

About noon Rob took himself off to see Joy, and as he walked along thought how lucky he was to be going to see her, and still luckier that she had forgiven him for what had happened on his last leave.

He was a jealous pig, just as she had accused him. A fellow had no right to begrudge a lovely girl like Joy a bit of fun, and just because he had come to find her out dancing with some other chap, did that excuse him for making a scene? It did not. Joy had only been fair to refuse to see him again on that leave. It had taught him not to be such a fool.

Joy's young sister came to the door.

"By heck," she announced ineluctably, "you've put your foot in it this time, and no mistake. What made you do a fool thing like that, Rob? You know how Joy hates to be chipped."

Rob stared. So that was how she accepted his roses and his message, was it? He flushed a bit sheepishly. "The flowers arrived then?" he asked.

"They arrived all right," she said cheerily. "And Joy has gone out. She didn't like you reminding her about the row."

Had the world gone mad? He had sent a dozen expensive roses, and a message which he thought any girl would like, and Joy had gone out in a rage. Well, women were queer, and no mistake. A fellow was a fool to get mixed up with 'em.

Mrs. Chapman was irritatingly mysterious when he returned home.

"Rob," she said, her eyes worried, "I've done an awfully stupid thing. I think I sent your roses to the hospital."



"Darling," Rob asked plaintively, "could you tell me exactly what you're talking about?"

"You know how it is on the phone," she told him tearfully. "I get so confused, and the girl was so rude, and I wanted to send some flowers to poor Mary, and I must have mixed them up."

"Poor Mary?" he echoed blankly.

"Who is Mary? Anybody I know?"

His mother reproved him gently.

"Rob, of course, you know Mary. Mary Dyson. You were very fond of Mary when they lived next to us. Remember you used to take her dancing. Well, anyway, she joined the A.R.P. right at the beginning of the war, and last week her mother told me Mary had been badly injured in a raid on the coast recently and was in hospital here."

"Naturally, I made inquiries about her, but they won't allow her any visitors, so I sent her flowers."

"My flowers," he corrected her patiently. "And just what, if I do not appear inquisitive, do you suppose was sent to Joy?"

"Wallflowers," Mrs. Chapman said faintly. "They were all I could think of, because, you know, there used to be masses of wallflowers in Mary's garden next door, and I thought it would be rather a nice, neighborly gesture. And I told them to enclose a card saying, 'Hope you are feeling better. With kindest regards, or something like that.'"

ROB closed his eyes. Joy, who couldn't bear to be teased, had received a bunch of wallflowers and a somewhat cryptic, sarcastic message, or so she would imagine it.

"That's not all," his mother went on after a moment. "The matron has rung up from the hospital to say that Mary is asking for you. I said you'd go and see her, Rob."

"Oh, Mother, hold on," he objected warmly. "Aren't you stretching things a bit? I'm practically engaged to Joy, you know. You're not asking me to get all muddled up with another girl? Good Lord—his color deepened—"you don't suppose she had that awful message, too? About 'All my heart—you know'?"

"She did," Mrs. Chapman said resignedly. "But, Rob, it doesn't have to worry you. Go and see Mary, for my sake. The matron has just told me she won't live."

"Won't live," Rob stared at his mother. "But Mary's only a bit of a kid! Surely there's something they can do?"

"Nothing," his mother told him quietly. "But this is something you can do, my dear. You can go and see the poor girl and make her happy. Even Joy couldn't object to that."

It was evening when Rob reached the hospital. The matron studied him thoughtfully, then nodded.

"You look a sensible young man," she said generously. "I can trust you, I hope, not to upset our patient? We want to keep her as quiet and happy as possible. You promise me you will not upset her in any way?"

"Of course not," he agreed gruffly, as he followed the matron down the corridor.

Mary had been absurdly small and dark, and when they had danced she reached only to just below his shoulder. For a while he had had a sort of schoolboy "crush" on her, but that had passed once her people moved away. They had corresponded fitfully for a time, and then the war



"We nurses never quite get over believing in to-morrow," the sister told Rob softly.

had come, and Mary had slipped away into the past of forgotten things. She would be changed, of course.

But she wasn't. She was the same, just as small, just as dark, just as shy. He sat down beside the bed, and her eyes met his trustfully.

"When did you realise you loved me, Rob?" she asked him, startling him with her sudden question.

"Still he same old Rob," she went on slowly. "You never could say things, not when you meant them very deeply. I always loved you, Rob, from the days when we used to play Indians in the garden, remember? When you stopped writing to me I thought my heart was broken. And then to-day, suddenly, I opened my eyes and there were your roses and your beautiful message. I think I nearly died of happiness at that moment, Rob."

He sat silent, stunned, bewildered. She was so little to die. He wanted to kick somebody, anybody, hard.

"Mary, my dear," he whispered. "Mary, I wish I had never stopped writing to you. It was just the war, and everything. I don't know, I seemed all muddled up inside, and then—"

"Everybody is muddled up these days," she told him. "I was like that, too, at first. But now everything seems so perfectly clear. Nothing matters in the world, Rob, except love. I know that now."

She leaned back, suddenly spent. He felt swift fear, horror. A nurse beckoned him outside.

"She's all right," the nurse told him quietly. "She goes like that after talking. You must not let her talk so much next time. If anything should happen during the night—her eyes softened—"we will phone you immediately. I—I'm sorry."

He felt awkward, unworthy of her sympathy.

His mother was waiting for him at home.

"Joy rang," she told him awkwardly. "I told her what had happened, my dear, and I think she understands. She wants you to ring her at once. She has a big dance planned for you to-morrow evening."

Joy was gay, ready to be forgiving, when he telephoned.

"Darling, it's rather a scream, isn't it—about the flowers, I mean! I was positively furious when I opened them and saw your message; but, of course, now your mother has explained, everything is all right. Now I'm just fixing things for the dance to-morrow night. It's in your honor, you know, and all the crowd is coming. We'll make it a real celebration."

The hospital rang him in the morning, asking him not to come. Mary was worse, they told him, and mustn't be disturbed.

Joy came round, beautiful and glowing in her warm fur jacket. She

told him eagerly: "I promised to go and help with the decorations for to-night. You can come with me."

"I'd better hang around home for a bit in case the hospital needs me," he said lamely. "Joy, be a darling and run along without me for now. I'll see you this evening. This kid is terribly ill! I wouldn't like to fall her now."

She surveyed him with cold anger. "You wouldn't be in love with this girl, would you?" she asked slowly. "You seem particularly worried about her, you know, for a man who is supposed to be in love with me!"


He felt unutterably tired. "Don't be stupid, Joy," he said stiffly. "The girl is an old friend of the family, nothing more. My mother explained to you what happened. At least we can be generous enough to spare Mary a day or two, can't we? We have all our lives."

Please turn to page 20

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MYSTERY STALKS THE ROOF

By . . .

THEODORA DU BOIS

A SLIDING sound wakes ANNE McNEILL during her first night at DR. BURCH'S convalescent home, where she and her brother, BUD HOLT, are taking a rest cure. Investigating, Anne finds attractive JILL MURRAY out in the grounds beside the body of ALEX WALSHIED, who has fallen to his death from the roof.

Jill is mysterious and distraught, begging Anne first to say nothing of their discovery, then to send at once for her husband, DR. JEFFREY McNEILL, who is well known as an amateur detective.

Against her better judgment, Anne is impelled to help Jill. She gives her time to go back into the house, then rouses Dr. Burch and his nephew, RUFUS KEYES. Jill reappears shortly afterwards, pretending to know nothing of what has happened, and Anne sees her and Rufus kissing when they think they are unobserved.

Meanwhile, SERGEANT O'CONNOR, who regularly patrols the grounds, also discovers the body.

Anne continues her narrative—

WE trooped back to the tulip bed, and Doctor Burch and O'Conner knelt beside Walshied. The constable had given his flashlight to Keyes, and now the body and the two men examining it were in a ring of light. Doctor Burch was muttering little disjointed professional findings.

Obviously, poor Alex fell from the roof just above here," he said. "He was so fond of the roof, and of moonlight. He spent hours there—poor lad, poor lad— He was a man of great imagination, great

"He was your secretary, Doctor Burch?" asked O'Conner.

"Yes, my secretary; most able—most, and so popular! My patients became so fond of him. I can't imagine what they will do. Mrs. Vinson—and Mrs. — Oh, Jill, my dear—he was blinking in the light of the flashlight. "What a tragic night this is, my dear Jill!" he said, his voice breaking, and

she moved out of the darkness beside me, went up to him kindly, as one might a child, patted his shoulder.

"We gotta report this to the medical examiner," O'Conner said.

A voice floated down to us, loudly, from above. It was my young brother, sounding sleepy and annoyed. "I say, what's the row down there?"

"That's your brother, Anne," Doctor Burch said. He got up and came over the grass toward me. "So sorry—so dreadfully detrimental to patients. Oh, poor Alex —"

My brother was leaning out of the window, looking down. I called up: "There's been an accident, Bud. Go back to bed; don't get cold."

"Who's hurt?"

"Walshied," Keyes called up.

"Hush, hush! I beg of you not to wake the other patients," Doctor Burch implored us.

My brother disappeared from the window, and at the same time another person joined us, asking, "What is it?" It was the nervous red-haired woman, Mrs. Vinson, who had chain-smoked between courses at dinner. "Why are you all standing around here, Doctor Burch? And Constable O'Conner? Has anything happened? Oh—don't say it—it's not— Oh!" After one shrill staccato scream, her voice came out in little sobs and whimpers, "How—how did it happen?" she managed to ask.

"He fell—fell off the roof, Mrs. Vinson." This was Doctor Burch. "Constable O'Conner found him," Mrs. Vinson was kneeling by the

body of Alex Walshied. O'Conner said: "Yeah, sure, undoubtedly he just did fall off the roof, Doctor Burch, but I don't like it that this Mrs. McNeill knows so much about the body and still doesn't ring headquarters or tell you anything."

I could see my brother's tall figure approaching. He said, as he joined us: "My sister always does know all about bodies. Officer, it's her job, you know; professional interest. Is the guy dead, Anne?"

"Yes," I answered, relieved at having Bud beside me, his hand clasped reassuringly above my elbow.

The officer was asking Doctor Burch: "How come this Mr. Walshied fell off the roof, anyway? That's what I'd like to know. Was he drunk, now?"

"Oh, no. He never touched spirituous liquors," the doctor answered.

"Then if he wasn't drunk, how come he fell off a perfectly flat roof? You don't go falling off flat roofs like that one up there unless you're pushed off—"

The kneeling woman got to her feet. Facing the group of us, she suddenly cried out shrilly: "You did it! You did it!"

Bud thought that she was shouting at me. His hand tightened about my arm

and he ordered: "Stow it. What do you mean, Anne did it?"

The woman's voice was hoarse now. "You did it! You did it! You pushed him off the roof because your mother was in love with him. She threw herself at his head, but he wouldn't have anything to do with her, I was the one—I was always the one—"

Bud said sharply: "I'll have you up in the courts for slander, talking this way about our mother. She never saw this man here. She died years ago."

"Not your mother—not yours." The woman's voice dropped. "It was that girl's mother—Mrs. Murray."

"Mrs. Vinson!" Doctor Burch protested.

"That girl's moth—"

Keyes had stepped forward. He said "If you keep this up, my dear Mrs. Vinson, I shall joyfully strangle you," and reached out his hand towards her face.

But just then a quiet voice spoke from a window above. It was Mrs. Murray, Jill's mother. She said: "May I ask what is the disturbance?"

"It's Alex Walshied!" Mrs. Vinson called. "He's dead. Dead. What do you think of that, Mrs. Murray!" She began to laugh and sob.

"This is getting me down," Jill muttered to Rufus Keyes. Then she called up to her mother. "I'm coming right up, mother—I can't bear it for her!" she said to Rufus.

She ran quickly up the steps and disappeared through the front door. Rufus Keyes took Mrs. Vinson's arm and marshalled her up the steps. O'Conner followed.

Bud said to me: "This is a beastly mess, isn't it, Anne? What's it all about, anyway?"

"I'll tell you," I answered. "Look, there's a car coming. Perhaps it's Jeffrey."

There were the headlights of a car coming down the road, but it stopped

"Can you make out what it is?" Jill called down, as Jeffrey strained perilously forward.

as it approached the gates. We watched, and a figure came in at the gate, and was running towards us—a girl wearing a Tyrolean cape. Even in the darkness, I could see she looked frightened as she joined us. "My dear Polly!" Doctor Burch said. "Where have you been? It must be nearly four o'clock."

"I—I went dancing with Pete," she said. "And we had engine trouble coming back. I'm dreadfully sorry, Doctor Burch. What—has anything happened?"

I didn't know who she was. She didn't seem to be one of the patients.

Doctor Burch said, "But, my dear Polly—what if anyone had needed you—and to-night of all nights?"

"I'm fearfully sorry—but it was my night off."

"Poor Alex Walshied is dead. He fell off the roof."

"Alex Walshied dead!" I heard her draw in her breath deeply. "But how dreadful—how incredible!"

"Please come into the house, everybody," Doctor Burch urged. "You will all take cold out here. I couldn't cope with an epidemic of colds now on top of this."

We went into the house. From the closet down the hall came the voice of O'Conner telephoning. Doctor Burch hurried away. The girl Polly took off the Tyrolean cape. She was a sweet thing, dressed in a flowered peasant costume. I gathered that she must be the trained nurse of the establishment.

"Come on upstairs," Bud said to me.

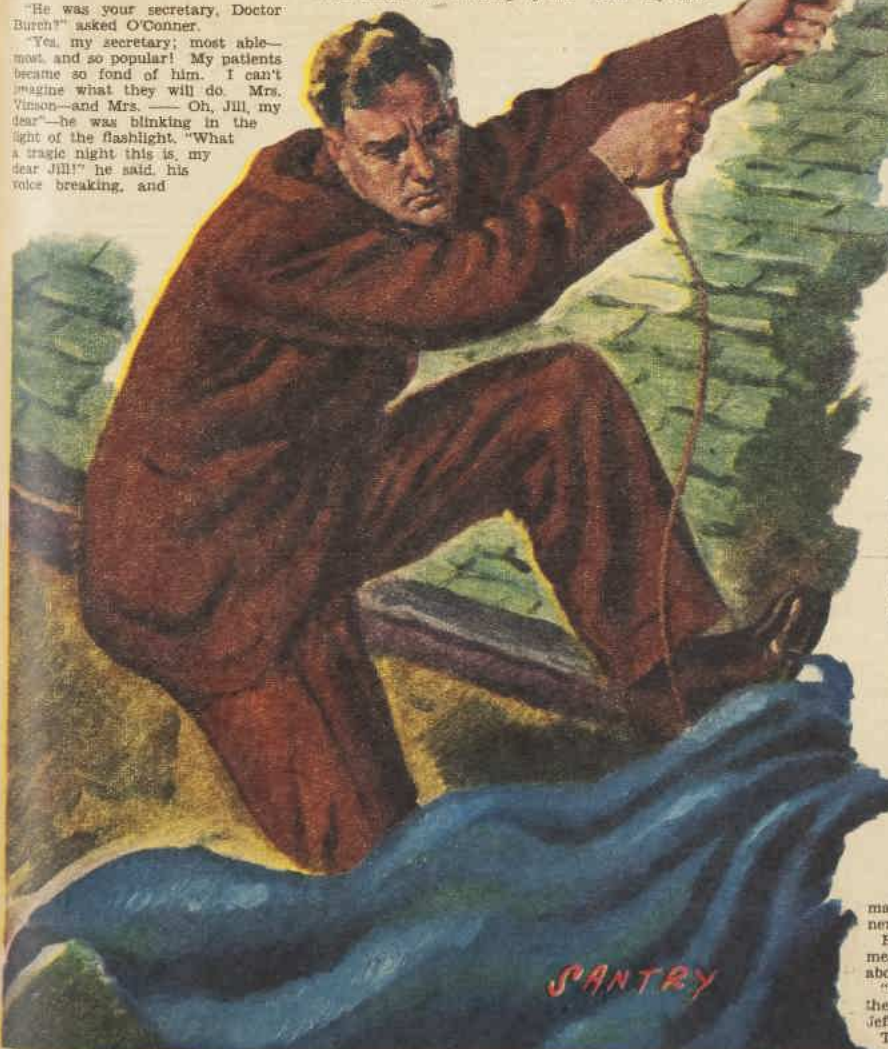
The nurse looked dazed. She said: "It seems awfully curious that Alex Walshied should have fallen from the roof. I simply can't understand."

Then Bud and I went on upstairs.

I had just dropped off to sleep when Jeffrey arrived, waking me with a start.

I said: "Darling, it's lovely to have you here, but I feel conscience-smitten to have dragged you up. There really wasn't any reason. It was just that I got upset a bit, finding the body, and Jill Murray was in such a state and wanted you so."

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AFW 26

HE asked: "How did you happen to find the body?"

I told him what had occurred. "I see," Jeffrey said. "That accounts for the tulip bed being so trampled. I thought O'Conner had been very careless to allow the ground to be so smeared up."

"Oh, then you've seen O'Conner?" "Yes, I've been talking with him and Doctor Burch and Otis."

"And what do you think, darling?" "I don't know the situation. If he wasn't drunk I don't quite see how he came to fall off. I gather that there is something behind it all or you wouldn't have been so upset."

"It was chiefly that Jill Murray was so upset," I said. Now it seemed to me that I had been foolish and inconsiderate to make poor Jeffrey drive fifty miles at night for nothing. "We'll have to get hold of Jill in the morning," I went on, "and find out just what is the trouble."

"I'm due back at the hospital at half-past nine," he said, "for a consultation. You must call the girl up here now if she wants to talk to me."

"Very well," I said reluctantly. But just then Jill Murray herself knocked at the door. I introduced Jeffrey and they shook hands.

"Doctor McNeill," she said. "I thought you were here. I heard you walking about. It's most awfully good of you to have come up. Since I asked your wife if she would telephone you I've been feeling a most unmitigated fool."

Jeffrey said gravely: "Have you? The sight of sudden death of that sort is always unnerving."

"That is just it. I was simply unnerved. I acted like an idiot."

"Sit down," Jeffrey said. "Let's see just how much of an idiot you were."

She sat in the rocker looking uncomfortable. There was a rather embarrassed pause, and I thought that we had come to an impasse.

She wasn't going to say anything and poor Jeffrey had come all this way and lost his sleep for nothing.

He said, "Did you know this Alex Walshied well, Miss Murray?"

She hesitated. "I had known him for several years; when I was in college in Cambridge, and now up here. I hadn't known him very well, really. Actually there's nothing to it. I—I was simply being neurotic."

I wondered if we were going to be able to get anything out of her.

The bathroom door opened a little way and my brother's tousled head peered in. He said, "Hi, Jeffrey! Jill's unfolding the spectacular story of her life, is she? May I come in?"

The girl said, "No, I'm just going downstairs again—with the deepest apologies for getting Doctor McNeill out here."

"Look," Bud said. "Don't be an utter ass, my dear girl. This is the chance of a lifetime. Here is Jeffrey with half an hour to listen to you. You know you need him. What will dear old O'Conner say when he finds out about that row you had with Walshied before dinner?"

The girl looked startled. She said, "Did you hear it, too?"

"Not any more than I could help. Anne closed the register in the middle of it, just when it was working up to a good climax."

I said, "Don't believe him; we didn't hear much, truly."

She said, "Well, I suppose that row we had was poorly timed in view of subsequent developments."

We admitted that it was.

"Perhaps you'd better tell me what it was about," Jeffrey suggested.

"Walshied was a snake who had been extracting money from the lady patients here for some nefarious schemes of his own," my brother said. "At least that's what I gathered from remarks that floated up. Now you take over from there, Miss Murray."

The girl flushed a little. She said: "Well, it's humiliating to admit it, but Alex had acquired a very distressing influence over my mother. She has been here all the winter and he has also been here—"

"In what capacity?" Jeffrey asked.

"As a patient?"

"Not as a patient, but as Doctor Burch's secretary and sort of entertainer and manager. He has a—had a way with women, you know. An attraction."

SHE hesitated, then went on, "I don't want you to feel that mother was really in love with him, but she's been a widow for fifteen years and it was fun, I suppose, to have a handsome young man making a fuss over one—sending little bunches of flowers up with the breakfast tray, and poems now and then, and so on. But it would have been better if he hadn't done the same thing with all the women here. That stirred up complications."

"However, all that might have been discounted if it hadn't been for the dirty work at the crossroads."

"Just what was the dirty work?" Jeffrey asked.

"Well, Alex decided that he wanted to establish a place of this sort of his own. I think he had bought a big tumble-down old farm on the opposite side of the valley; a very impracticable sort of place, without enough water. I think he only came here to learn the ropes. He wasn't a doctor, of course. He'd been dropped from Harvard Medical. That was where I knew him before, when—where was I?"

"Dirty work at the crossroads," Bud said.

"Oh, yes. Well—he decided to start this establishment of his own. He said he had a young doctor friend who would come in with him on it. Only it was going to be a much more faddy place than this, it seemed to me. That was one of the things that worried me so. Lots of sun-bathing and Aztec and Mayan decorations and nonsense. He was a bit of a crank on that, you know. But mother, strangely enough, was taken in by him, and he got quite a lot of money from her."

"It seemed to me that if she wanted to give her money away now she ought to do it for war work rather than for an eccentric sort of health-cure establishment."

"What was Doctor Burch's attitude towards this rival convalescent inn?" Jeffrey asked.

Mystery Stalks the Roof

Continued from page 3

"I don't know that he knew anything about it," Jill said. "That made me pretty angry, too. He's an old dear, and all this was being planned secretly behind his back to undermine him. Alex was going about among his patients and was working to snatch them right away."

"Rotten," Bud said. "Where does the shrill old she-ostrich who made such a nuisance of herself out by the tulip bed come into it?"

"Well, she was one of Alex's earlier conquests," Jill answered, with bitterness in her tone. "She was extremely jealous of us. He'd extracted a lot of money from her, too."

Jeffrey was scowling a little, thinking.

Bud said: "What is that man named Rufus Keyes doing here? Is he a patient, too?"

Jill's voice and eyes softened. "He's Doctor Burch's nephew. He was involved in the unpleasantness in Greece—a reporting job. So he's here recovering. He'll be with the British Purchasing Commission when he's on his feet again."

Jeffrey said: "But just what did worry you so to-night, Miss Murray? All this that you have told me reflects unpleasantly on the man named Walshied, but on no one else. I can't see why you were so alarmed about his death."

She looked at him apologetically. She said: "That's just why I've been feeling such a fool. I was exactly like those mothers who telephone frantically for a specialist in the middle of the night if their child has a tummyache."

"They should telephone a specialist," Jeffrey said. "It frequently means an appendix. Just where is the pain now, Miss Murray? I mean, actually where is it?"

I felt, and I know Jeffrey felt, too, that she was not telling the truth, that she was concealing a great deal more of this story.

"There was nothing at all," she insisted. "It was merely that the thought of a medical examiner and investigations scared the wits out of me. I couldn't bear to have everybody asking questions about relationships here, and finding out things—about Walshied and mother and all."

"Had your mother been up on the roof with Mr. Walshied to-night?"

"No—no, absolutely."

"Are you sure? Were you in the room with her all the time?"

"Practically—except for a very few minutes when I was in with

Bobbie—but that wouldn't have been long enough. Surely you aren't insinuating—?"

"I never waste my time in insinuating."

"Jeffrey," I said, "the room is getting pretty stuffy. Will you open that other window, dear, please?"

There were two windows close together behind him. The shade of one was down, but the other was open. He turned, pulled up the shade of the closed one, and then pushed up the sash, too. It was still dark outside, although it was nearing morning and there was a grey tone to the darkness.

Jeffrey put his hands on the sill and leaned out. Then I saw his whole body stiffen with interest. He drew back into the room again and said, "What is that hanging above your window?"

I answered: "Why, I don't know. That must be the thing I saw flapping before I went downstairs. It hadn't been there when I went to bed."

He said: "You mean it appeared there between eleven o'clock and the time you found the body in the tulip bed?"

"It must have."

"But, my dear girl! Did you tell O'Conner?"

"No, I forgot all about it." He was sticking his head out of the window again, and I gathered that he was making some disparaging remark about women's amazingly constructed mind. Bud joined him. They were arguing as to what the rag was.

"It seems to be a long sort of garment," Jeffrey said. "It's not a coat."

"A skirt. It's a skirt, torn up the middle," Bud said with excitement.

Jill Murray and I looked at each other. I got off the bed and went to the window, too; the men stepped aside and we leaned out, our arms against each other.

"It's caught there on the upper gutter, I think," Jill said. "I wonder what it is. Perhaps we can pull it down." She reached up her hand, and then turned quickly as Jeffrey from behind, caught her arm.

"Don't touch it," he warned her. "It's important evidence."

"Evidence?"

"Yes. It may alter the face of the whole situation. I'm going up on the roof to investigate."

"I'm going with you," I said.

We all four then went quietly up of my room, through the hall, up the stairs to the tower room, and out on the high, flat roof.

Please turn to page 14

New Life

FOR OLD SHEETS

SIDES TO MIDDLES

FIRST STEP...

Tear your worn sheet down the centre lengthwise

Join the selvages in a flat seam by hand. Then machine—hem the outer edges. These thin parts will go under the mattress where there's little strain on them, so your re-made sheet is almost as strong as when new.

IN LINEN CUPBOARD
Fresh laundered on top—use from bottom

Darn all worn places before washing and DRY IN THE SUN WHEREVER POSSIBLE

NEVER IRON OVER FOLDS—AND SEE THAT IRON ISN'T TOO HOT

Mend and make-do to save buying new

The longer you can make all your household goods last, the more labour and material you will save, to aid the war effort and bring Victory nearer.

WAR ORGANISATION OF INDUSTRY **W.O.I.** MEANS WAR OUTPUT INCREASED

Start a "Mend and Make-Do" Book and paste this in it.

The Infallible Nose of Corporal Blue



Snorting fiercely, Blue charged down upon the terrified Japanese.

THE door of the Long-H bunkhouse stood wide open, although it was December seventh.

Skeeter Welton put down his harmonica. "Turn on the static, Slim, maybe there'll be some news, it's almost one fifteen."

Slim twirled the dial on the mail-order radio. It snapped, buzzed, and muttered, then came the announcer's familiarly dramatic voice—stone-cold to-day:

"The Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor this morning."

Slim Mason leaned forward listening. Stuffy Taylor breathed heavily and gave Red Tuttle a questioning glance. Red answered with a nod as he said, "I'm going to town to enlist. Maybe there'll be cavalry."

Skeeter swung his bowed legs off the bunk and took his gun-belt from a wooden peg on the wall. "Them plant-eyed fish eaters, they're makin' faces at the wrong folks this time." He was the first man to cross the doorway to Jim Hampton's office and call for his time.

Hampton nodded approvingly. "I know how you feel, Skeeter. I had to ride all night through a snowstorm the time I enlisted in Teddy Roosevelt's Rough Riders. Your job will be waiting for you when you come back."

"Thanks, Boss. I wish you'd take care of my little blue mule. He's all in the family I've got."

A catch came in Hampton's throat. Skeeter's affection for the mule who he had rescued from a snow-draft on the back range, four years before, was a Long-H by word. "I'll see that Blue has plenty to eat and a warm place to stay. He'll miss you a lot, though."

Recruiting officers gave these rough, bronzed sons of the saddle approving glances.

All but Skeeter. He was the last candidate to face the officers that day, and even the cowboys who had given him the dearing nickname were shocked at the sight of his tanned, ribby as the carcass of a starved cow. Skeeter looked much shrier minus his high-heeled riding boots.

He stood, supremely confident, under the level-rod of the graduated scale, while a sergeant drawled the answers to the questions the clerk read from an enlistment blank.

Eventually an officer said, "Sorry, Mr. Welton, but your measurements don't quite reach the required standard."

Skeeter's blue eyes turned black. He tried to speak but his throat had become suddenly dry. His right hand flashed to his hip, before he realized that he was naked. "You—you mean I can't go?"

The officer nodded. Slim, who stood nearest, laid a comforting hand on Skeeter's shoulder. "Take it easy, old brush-splinter."

"E-b-but—" "Yes, I know," Slim went on, "you're tougher than whang leather, and can outstride and outshoot any of us, but it's no use tryin' to buck the U.S. Army."

"You can probably get work in some of the war industries," the officer tried to comfort.

The proposal brought forth a contemptuous snort. Skeeter rode gloomily back to the Long-H alone.

He couldn't bear the disgrace of admitting to Hampton that he had been rejected by the United States Army. He rode into the ranch by the back way, changed his saddle to his own private horse, rolled his blankets and went out to the corral to catch Blue.

He was leading the mule through the gate when Hampton stepped out of the hayshed in front of him.

"Where do you think you're heading for?"

"Mexico."

"Not by a sight, you don't. Slim telephoned me what happened. I've heard you more than ever now. Raise beef for the men who do the

fighting is going to be just as important as any other work, and it takes a lot more nerve for you to face the jolt you took to-day and go on with your work here than it would to lead a cavalry charge."

Skeeter felt a little comforted, but his desire to fight the Japs still goaded him.

"I see what you mean, but it don't fill my nosebag." He laid a rope-burned hand over his heart. "There's a sting here that talk don't help."

Hampton's eyes narrowed speculatively. He was thinking of the day Skeeter, half-frozen, had come in with his sheepskin-lined canvas coat wrapped around a mule colt. How he had raised the tiny orphan on a bottle and taught him to do everything but talk. Hampton knew, too, how much a lonely man can love an animal.

"Did you know that the government is asking for mules?" he asked.

Skeeter gave him a long, steady look. "You mean that I could let Blue take my place?"

"In a way, yes; but let's size it up right." Hampton was using all his tact. "You will be doing the part you are best fitted for, just as much as Slim or Red, and besides that, if you give Blue to the army you will be making a greater sacrifice than any of the others."

Skeeter was thoughtful for several seconds. "I guess you're right; but I sure don't make a pretty bedtime story to tell my grandchildren—that I sent a poor little orphan mule to fight for me."

Next day Skeeter was back at the recruiting station with Blue. "I brought my family," he told the officers. "If I ain't good enough for your army, I'm goin' to enlist the smartest mule in the whole United States."

"Take him to the Quartermaster's Department," a busy officer directed. "They're paying a hundred dollars for sound mules."

"You've got your rear-marks mixed, Walk-a-head," Skeeter corrected. "Blue ain't for sale. He's takin' my place, and I want a paper like the one Slim and Red got, statin' that in case anything happens to him, I'm to be notified as next of kin."—haired Major Pollock.

veteran of two wars, was standing by the door. He spoke in a low voice to the recruiting officer, "I'll handle this matter."

He took Skeeter into another room, and when the cowboy carried out a little later he proudly carried a paper setting forth that Skeeter Welton was donating Blue to the service of his country, as an act of patriotism.

Skeeter put Blue's halter rope in the hands of the only man at the station who understood the workings of the American heart well enough to defy red tape, and accept such a sacrifice with the dignity it deserved.

"I don't know whether or not you savvy mules," Skeeter said, "but in case there comes a time when your judgment and Blue's don't hitch, have a look around before you're too sure that you are right. Your eyes sometimes fool you, but a mule's nose—never."

The major nodded. "I'll remember that."

Skeeter fondled the mule. "Well, good-bye, old-timer. Don't let any of them Japs play Apache tricks on you." He turned to the major, hand outstretched. "Good-bye, Major. If Blue makes a mistake just remember he's only a poor little homesick mule, and give him another chance."

The major's eyes were misty as he shook hands with Skeeter.

At first Blue missed Skeeter terribly, but he liked the work he was given to do. Cliff Watson, a cowboy recruit from Montana, who had had packing experience, was placed in charge of the string of fifteen mules that were delivering supplies to a detachment guarding an important mountain reservoir. There was no road for trucks or wagons, and all the freight had to be packed to the outpost.

Because of Blue's intelligence and high spirit, Watson let him lead the string of mules, and facetiously dubbed Skeeter's pet Corporal Blue.

One trip over the trail to the reservoir camp was all Blue required to learn the details of the country, and to find out something about the people who lived there. He liked them, but he hadn't forgotten Skeeter, nor the Long-H. He was homesick, and a dozen times a day he leaned back on the lead rope, fastened securely into the pigtails of Watson's saddle, hoping to feel it give way.

His first opportunity to bolt came when Watson was ordered to stop at a loading station near a Jap internment camp, and bring down several crates of lettuce for the use of the recruits. Blue had carried a heavy load up the mountain that day, and Watson, willing to give the little mule a break, led him past the loading platform, untied the beast next to Blue, and started to pack two crates of lettuce on it.

The fact that the halter rope on the second mule was no longer tied to Blue's saddle made a big difference. Now all that stood between him and freedom was the slipknot on the pigtail loop.

One of Blue's peculiar accomplishments was untying ropes. He walked around behind the horse Watson had left standing, and got hold of the

end of his own halter rope with his teeth. A quick jerk and Blue was loose.

He made the mistake, however, of being too smart. Watson's suspicions had been aroused when he saw the mule put the horse between them, and just as Blue turned away intending to dodge around the loading platform, and make a dash for the trees on the other side of the valley, Watson slipped around in front of the horse, and caught hold of the nosepiece of Blue's halter.

"Oh-ho, wise guy, I'll put an extra half-hitch in the knot."

He led Blue back and tied him securely to the last mule in the string, where he travelled throughout the remainder of the day.

Major Pollock happened to be near the corrals that evening when Watson arrived. He noticed the way the mules were strung out, and asked why Blue had been demoted to the tail of the string.

"It's because Corporal Blue is homesick, sir," Watson explained. "That mule is sure smart. He came within an ace of outfoxing me to-day. If I hadn't been watching him he'd be half-way home by this time."

The major smiled and went up to lay a gentle hand on Blue's head.

That night Blue stayed around the feed boxes after all the other stock had gone out into the pasture to graze. He watched the sentries pacing back and forth, guarding the camp. To his sense of things they were put there to head him off if he tried to run away. If they were he knew a way to dodge them.

He would wait until that man passed by the spring on the hillside, and walked towards the bushes beyond the tent where Major Pollock stayed, then he would make a quick dash, jump the pipe that carried the water from the spring down to the trough, dodge into the brush and escape.

It would be easy, if only he could get the gate open. Perhaps Watson might have forgotten to lock the chain. He went over to examine it. No luck. The experience of the afternoon had warned Watson to be on his guard at all times if he wanted to avoid making a trip to the Long-H to bring Blue back.

Standing near the gate Blue was now much closer to the spring. He saw a strange shadow creeping down the slope and stopping behind a log on the

hillside; but since there was a stiff breeze from the valley towards the hill he was unable to get more specific information by sniffing the air.

Being half-horse, his limited range of vision handicapped him.

The stealthy movements of a short, squat man skulking out of the cover afforded by a small bushy tree were alarming, and Blue was keenly alert for trouble. The instinct that Skeeter had praised to Major Pollock was now working.

Just before daybreak he went out to where the other mules grazed, and sought comfort among them; but since they were all domestic animals bred on the ranches they possessed none of Blue's wild intuitions, and paid no attention to his fears.

They had eaten their oats, drunk from the trough, and now their only interest was to sleep the remainder of the hours until Watson came to drive them into the corral for another day's work.

Blue roamed about and frequently stood perfectly still, his ears turned in the direction of the spring, his nostrils spread wide, quivering with anxious responsibility, and a desire to go home.

By the time Watson came out to drive the stock in Blue was as near a nervous wreck as one of his breed

ever comes. He was cross and ugly, snapping viciously at any other animal that came near him. Watson noticed his testiness.

"What's the trouble, corporal?" he asked.

Blue laid his ears back and snorted a warning to Watson that told the experienced mule-handler that Blue was in no mood to be trifled with. Watson grinned and opened the corral gate so that the stock could go to the water troughs. Blue was the first one through the opening. This was what he had been waiting for—a chance to bolt, to dodge into the brush, and make a break for the Long-H.

He took three quick steps towards the trough, then stopped suddenly. He had caught a warning scent and seen an object lying near the spring that had not been there last evening.

The smell came from the vicinity of the log on the hillside, where he had seen the mysterious shadows early last night. The short hair on his neck stiffened and his eyes turned green. He snorted loudly and blocked the trail, so that none of the mules could pass.

If they crowded he kicked viciously with both hind feet, and when one attempted to force his way through Blue sprang at it, snapping his jaws and striking quick, menacing blows. Not a single animal was permitted to pass the guard Blue had set up.

Major Pollock heard the milling hoofs and came out of his tent. "What's the matter, Watson?"

"Hanged if I know, sir. Blue has been acting queer ever since yesterday. I laid it to homesickness, but he's lots worse this morning. I tried to put a halter on him, but he wouldn't stand for it."

The regimental veterinarian came out of his tent. The major called to him. "What's the matter with this mule? He acts as if he's crazy, refuses to let the rest of the stock go near the spring."

"Your diagnosis is correct, sir. That mule is suffering from a nervous breakdown, which in a human being we would call—temporary insanity. Fear of water is a sure symptom. He is a dangerous animal and should be destroyed at once."

Please turn to page 20

*Better care means longer wear
for your wartime*

RAYON HOSIERY

In Australia, as in England, America and all other Allied countries, rayon yarn has, for years past, been the material from which a vast number of stockings have been made. Under war conditions, whilst supplies of other suitable materials are limited, rayon is being used extensively.

If your first pairs of wartime rayon stockings have not been all you'd have liked them to be, don't be too critical. Remember that Australian manufacturers, faced with wartime conditions, and the diversion of skilled labour to urgent defence production, have had unusual problems to meet.

Ever-mindful of their responsibility for maintaining production of the best possible stockings from the yarn available, they have created improvements in design, processing and finishing.

So that you may obtain the very best service from rayon stockings... make them last longer and save precious coupons... read the important hints given in this and other announcements which will appear in this journal.

AUTHORISED BY THE RATIONING COMMISSION AND SPONSORED BY THE AUSTRALIAN ASSOCIATION OF HOSIERY MANUFACTURERS IN CONJUNCTION WITH THE AUSTRALIAN COUNCIL OF RETAILERS

CHOOSE THE RIGHT SIZE. Place your foot on a ruler with one end of the ruler and your heel against the wall. The tip of your big toe will indicate the size to order.



PUTTING ON. Remove rings and bracelets. See that fingernails and toenails are perfectly smooth. Gather gently over toes, then up, holding between thumbs and forefingers. Fasten back suspender at least an inch from seam.



SEE SHOE INNERS ARE SMOOTH. Nails showing through soles, rough linings or lumps are frequent causes of early stocking wear. Have these attended to immediately. Rough heel plates cause snagging.



WASH IMMEDIATELY to remove dirt and harmful perspiration acids. Soak in smooth bowl in plentiful suds. Never rub soap on stocking. Squeeze suds gently through fabric. Rinse thoroughly in luke-warm water.



DRY THOROUGHLY FOR 48 HOURS, not 24 or 36, but 48 hours... over a soft towel out of the sun, away from anything which may snag them. Test feet and welts to make sure stockings are thoroughly dry.



WEAR TURN ABOUT. If possible, have three pairs of stockings of the same shade — one pair to wear while the other two pairs are drying. If one stocking wears quickly, keep the other as a spare.



DOWN TO BRASS TACKS

By . . .

Allan Vaughan Elston

LOOKS like yuh've had a raid," remarked Skipper Pring, sipping a rum in the office of Whitey Smeed's store on Paou Island.

"It wasn't a raid," Smeed growled, staring at a wide, deep crater beyond the compound. "Nothin' worth raidin' here. I figger it was just some Jap plane on the way home to its base just jettisoned its bombs."

"When did it happen?"

"About a week ago. It killed a couple natives and scared the rest of 'em stiff."

Pring stirred his drink, and turned to gaze at the pictures of more than a hundred charmers which Whitey Smeed had tacked on the office walls.

"They'll get yuh in trouble some day, them females will!" the skipper predicted with a chuckle. "Them's too many females for any one man."

Actually Whitey Smeed had known only a few of those women. Some he had clipped from advertisements. A few were actresses of international fame. Newest of all was the young daughter of a missionary who until recently had labored on Paou.

But just now Whitey's mind wasn't on women. "Look, Pring," he said moodily, "what about takin' that petrol tank off my hands? You could turn it in for a big profit down New Zealand way."

"Nope, it's yours and you're stuck with it," the skipper said firmly.

His crew had just unloaded the tank on the beach. Smeed had ordered it just before Pearl Harbor, paying cash in advance, as a storage tank for petrol. But now all his petrol customers were gone. The fighting in the Solomons, only five hundred miles westerly from Paou, had caused all but one of the white planters to move away. The one, a wastrel named Pembroke, didn't own a motor launch and so wasn't a customer for petrol.

"By the way," Pring said, suddenly, "I hear a Yank freighter was torpedoed the other day, somewhere between here and the Gilberts. Did any survivors get ashore on Paou?"

"Not that I know of," Smeed said. Pring drained his glass. "Time I'm oppin' anchor, if I'm usin' this tide," he moved towards the door.

There he turned and with a toothy grin again surveyed the gallery of women on the walls. "You sure have been around, Whitey! But better watch out! They'll leave yuh grounded on the shoals of grief some day, them wimmin will."

When the skipper was gone Smeed noticed that one of the pictures was

loose. He pressed a brass-headed thumb tack through the loose corner, impaling it rigidly on the plank wall. Each of the exhibits was held in place with four thumb tacks, the shining brass heads adding a garish glitter to the gallery.

A little later he watched Pring's tramp nose out through the reef channel. This left only Smeed's own seventy-foot launch anchored in the lagoon. No other ship was scheduled to call here for more than a month. Paou Island was of small importance, its affairs being administered from Port Louis, two hundred miles across blue water. The staff at Port Louis came over for an inspection once a year.

By the time they came again Whitey Smeed would be gone. Now he stood glaring balefully at the petrol tank which Pring's crew had skidded up on the beach. Was there any way to unload it on the natives here? They were a thrifty people, the Paou Islanders, and Smeed knew that some of the chiefs had tucked away cash savings and perhaps a few small pearls.

If he could only make them want that tank!

At sundown Clyde Pembroke came in for his supply of grog. He was unusually sober.

"Well, Clyde," Smeed said, "I guess we're the only two whites left on the island."

"Three, you mean," Pembroke corrected. "Three?"

"M-m-m. There's that Yankee sailor who got washed ashore on our reef to-day. His ship bumped into a torpedo, likely."

"Where's this sailor now?"

"Two's women are taking care of him," the planter said, and moved off to the beach.

THAT night Smeed heard a mournful chant from Pai village. He had heard the same thing every night since the Jap plane had jettisoned its bombs on the island. The natives were living in terror—believing that the bombing had been deliberate and would happen again.

They were a timid people, shelterless except for palm trees and grass-thatched roofs. So their morale was in shreds and.

Suddenly Smeed saw a way to capitalise on it. His sly mind went to work at once. For an hour he sat scheming. Then he assembled certain articles of comfort and carried them outside.

When natives came looking for Smeed at dawn they found the store deserted. But the twanging of a guitar drew them to a petrol tank brand new, on the beach nearby. The end of a ladder stuck out through a manhole in the roof.

Another short ladder leaned against the tank. The young chief, Tuo, and two others clambered up the sides.

What they saw was, in effect, a circular room twelve feet in diameter, high enough to stand erect in, with steel walls, roof and floor, and with an open valve for light should the roof trap be closed. On a cot therein reclined Whitey Smeed, strumming a guitar.

"Mornin', chief. Have they dropped any more bombs?" Smeed called.

"That is what we would talk with you about, please," Tuo said. "My people are afraid. Will they return to bomb us again?"

"Maybe," Smeed said. "So I'm takin' no chances. I figured there'd be trouble months ago, so I bought this bomb shelter."

"A bomb shelter?" exclaimed Tuo. Since the Islanders did not understand English, Smeed explained it to him in the native language. A bomb shelter, he said, had to be made of steel.

Tuo thumped the tank with his knuckles. "It is very strong," he sighed enviously. "How much is the price, please?"



A clever swindler tries his tricks once too often.

"Two hundred guineas," Smeed said. That would make a two hundred shilling profit.

"I will speak with my people," Tuo murmured, and withdrew.

He returned shortly after with a decision. "It will not shelter all my village. But it will hold the mothers and the infants. We buy, please."

He locked the money in his safe. Then he showed them how to insert pry poles under the tank, raising it one side at a time until they were able to slide rollers under it.

By afternoon it had been rolled into a shell-paved lane at Pai village, between two rows of grass-roofed fales.

A native girl plucked at Smeed's arm. "Have you seen our visitor?" she asked shyly.

Curious, Smeed followed her to where, on a pile of grass mats, the recently rescued sailor lay convalescing. Although a week's beard covered the sailor's face Smeed could see that he was young. His blue eyes brightened at the sight of a white man. "Hi, there, mate! Mason's my name. Lee Mason."

"I'm Smeed. You savvy the lingo here?"

"Not a chirp. You run that store down the beach?"

"Aye. You an' me an' a chap named Pembroke are the only whites within two hundred miles."

"When can I get a ship out of here?"

"Likely to be a month or more," Smeed said.

Lee Mason's eyes strayed to the oil-tank, around which the villagers were now heaping a terrace of sand. "What do they want with that thing?" he asked.

Smeed shrugged. "That's their business," he muttered. Turning away, he hoped this sailor would mind his own. Lucky he doesn't savvy the lingo, Smeed thought. For in all there were five villages on Paou Island and Smeed saw a way to exploit the other four.

"Evenin', mate," a cheery voice greeted Smeed one night. Smeed looked up to see Lee Mason framed in his office doorway.

"Hello!" The trader's response was not too cordial.

"I see you're loadin' up that launch o' yours. Takin' a run over Port Louis way, are you?" Mason said, walking into the store.

"M-m-m," Smeed grunted. "I'd like to book passage."

"My boat ain't licensed to carry passengers," Smeed hedged. He could foresee trouble if he took this Yankee to Port Louis. Mason might tell about these bomb-shelter deals, and the Port Louis officials were in the habit of cracking down on a trader who swindled natives.

"You wouldn't leave me stranded here, would you?" Lee protested.

"You won't be stranded long. There'll be a packet callin' in here in a month or so."

"I figured there'd be trouble months ago," said Smeed, "so I bought this bomb shelter."

Lee Mason seemed disappointed, but hardly suspicious. He was curious, however, and in a few minutes he inquired: "Say, what's goin' on around here, anyway? I can't talk with these natives, so it's sort o' got me stymied."

"About what?"

"It must have somethin' to do with those bombs that were jettisoned here a while back. But why should that worry anybody? It'll never happen again. If the Japs wanted this island they could just bring a gunboat into the lagoon and help themselves."

"Well?"

"That's what I'm askin' you. What about it?"

Smeed lost patience. "And all I'm asking you," he rasped, "is for you to mind your own business."

Lee fixed a blue-eyed stare on him. "Not tryin' to put anything over, are you, Smeed? Those natives've been plenty good to me. They saved my life. I wouldn't want to see anybody put a hook in 'em."

"Suppose you fan yourself outa here, sailor. I'm busy," Smeed said.

"So you are puttin' a hook in 'em," Lee concluded. "I was afraid of that. All right. Maybe I can find that planter fellow—Pembroke's his name, isn't it?—and get the low-down."

He went briskly out. Presently Smeed heard him acoast a native on the beach. "Will you take me to Mr. Pembroke?"

The native only understood the one word, "Pembroke." But it was enough. He set off along a path into the bush, and Lee followed him.

Smeed could only hope that Pembroke would be too drunk to take an interest.

Then Smeed remembered what had made the planter keep so much to himself of late. There'd been a missionary on the island who, with his young and pretty daughter, had boarded with Pembroke. And Pembroke had fallen in love with the girl. Since he was too old for her, her father had settled it by moving to another island.

After which Clyde Pembroke had more and more sought consolation in his cups. In his mood of self-pity he wasn't likely to take up arms for the rights of island natives.

Looking out into the lagoon Smeed saw the dark, anchored shape of the Cecelia. Being with full cargo now, she rode low on her Plimsoll line. There was nothing to keep Smeed from putting to sea except that Vaiala village still lacked fifty pounds on its bomb shelter payment. The chief there had promised to bring it to-morrow.

A moon climbed two hours higher over the shore palms. Then Smeed heard footsteps crunching the shell outside. They were brisk, shod steps, so he knew it was no native. From a drawer Smeed took an automatic pistol and wedged it in his belt.

Lee Mason came in with a glint in his eyes. "I got this business logged now, Smeed," he announced. "So what?"

"Pembroke won't help me any," Lee admitted. "But I did get him to interpret while I questioned his native house boy. You sold a gasoline reservoir to Pai village for two hundred guineas. We'll let that pass, because it might come in handy some day for a hurricane shelter. Or they could use it to keep copra dry in. But then you went out and took orders from four other villages, collecting in advance."

"And what's the matter with that?"

"The matter is that you can't fill the orders. Your game is to skip with the cash."

Please turn to page 14.

No More Rheumatism

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Tobruk Rats help to put epic siege on screen



ON LOCATION with "Rats of Tobruk." Mrs. Charles Chauvel, working as script girl, using sandbags as her desk.

Army co-operates in making Australian full-length film about Digger heroes

By DOROTHY DRAIN

Several Tobruk Rats are taking part in a film which will re-create the epic siege for the screen.

Some of them have small speaking parts and all of them have given advice on detail for the Charles Chauvel production, "Rats of Tobruk." Chauvel is making the film in association with the Commonwealth Film Laboratories and with full Army co-operation.

THE day I visited the location—the sandhills at the back of a N.S.W. beach—where the perimeter scenes are being shot, I listened to Tobruk Rats recalling the real thing.

We sat on the sunlit sandhills watching the three leading men—Grant Taylor, Peter Finch, and "Chips" Rafferty (all of them servicemen)—with last war soldier Joe Vallee rehearsing a comedy sequence.

The scene was a fire post on the Tobruk perimeter: barbed wire in the background, the camera trained on the sand-bagged dugout.

Major G. E. Austin traced with his finger in the sand the outline of Tobruk's perimeter, and explained to me how the fire posts were located at intervals.

Major Austin, who is liaison officer with the Army and technical adviser for the film, was a brigade transport officer in Tobruk throughout the siege, and was wounded at Alameln.

Nearby two other "Rats" talked over the days in Tobruk.

They were Captain H. G. Byron Moore, in charge of the nearby camp from which troops are detailed for work in the film, and Lieutenant A. E. Dunbar, who won his Military Medal in Tobruk, and is on loan from the Army to assist with technical advice.



MID-MORNING SNACK for leading men. From left: Grant Taylor, Mrs. Chauvel, Peter Finch, Mr. Chauvel, and (at back) "Chips" Rafferty (in private life P.O. John Goffage).

They talked in a bantering tone about their experiences, and refused to be regarded as heroes.

"Why, it was a lovely climate," Dunbar assured me.

"I spent a lot of time in fire posts—six weeks at one time, 20 days at another" (this from Byron Moore). "It wasn't bad. Such a nice long way from headquarters."

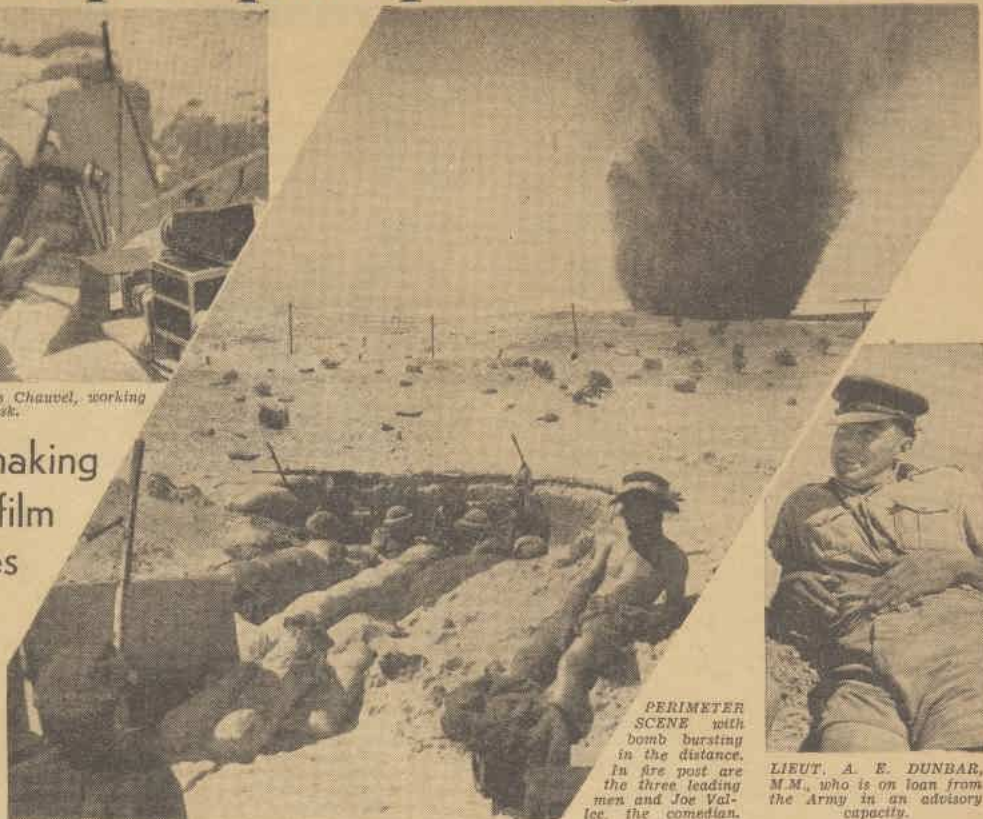
Dunbar: "Water? Oh, you're all right as long as you have enough to

drink. Saves time not having to wash."

On a more serious note, Major Austin said: "The desert is a fine place to fight in. Ideal. Only the combatants are in it, with no risk to innocent civilians."

Tall, quiet Major Austin is a Victorian, but spent seventeen years as a graxier near Boggabri.

"Sheep and movies—they're both heart-breaking," he remarked. "I



PERIMETER SCENE with bomb bursting in the distance. In fire post are the three leading men and Joe Vallee, the comedian.



LIEUT. A. E. DUNBAR, M.M., who is on loan from the Army in an advisory capacity.



SOUND CHIEF, Captain J. Bruce, his assistant, Mr. L. J. Stuart, and Lieut. C. W. Inch, R.A.E., engineer in charge, watch explosion.

spent years praying for rain; now I pray for fine weather."

The rehearsal went on, Joe Vallee playing the part of a Northumberland Fusilier who was lost and found his way to the Aussies in the fire post.

"The Northumberland Fusiliers, a famous machine-gun battalion, were great friends with our lads," said Major Austin.

"They were with us throughout the siege. Used to call themselves the Royal Australian Northumberland Fusiliers, as a compliment to us."

The soldiers from the camp have helped with the construction of scenes, and played as extras.

Charles Chauvel says that you couldn't wish for better extras. They are not camera conscious, and throw all their enthusiasm into the action scenes.

Hard-working producer

"BEST job I've had in the Army so far," young Private H. R. Lewis, formerly a Clarence River farmer, told me.

"Only thing I'd like better would be to get overseas."

No one works harder than the Chauvels themselves.

Although they have been on many difficult locations, none has been more arduous than the Australian sandhills that represent the desert. The Chauvels have collaborated on the story and dialogue as in all their previous productions.

As script girl it is Mrs. Chauvel's job to see that a set is arranged

exactly as on the previous day's shooting; or, when close-ups of a scene are shot, perhaps weeks later.

In addition, she keeps a record of technical details, of scene, take, angle numbers, and information for the film laboratory, and finally a log of the events of the day.

Entirely untroubled throughout all the exacting work, she turns to and prepares lunch at midday, sometimes breakfast, and shops for the food supply for the party of film workers.

Before production began, the Chauvels devoted many months to research. They had access to General Morshead's diary, and many unofficial sources. Frequent visitors at their Pymble home were Australians of the Sixth and Ninth Divisions.

"We just talked, and incidents emerged," said Mrs. Chauvel.

In the scene I saw on my visit to the location, Joe Vallee has an imaginary bird as a pet, carries it on his shoulder, and talks to it.

This bit is based on a story told the Chauvels by an A.I.F. sergeant, who described a Tobruk Aussie who had an imaginary bird.

The Australian used to talk to his pet, shelter it under his coat when things were hot, and he and his mates developed a real affection for it.

Hence Joe Vallee and his "Robbie."

After shooting finishes on the perimeter scenes, the Tobruk town shots will be made on a specially built set, and New Guinea scenes will probably be made somewhere in the north.



JOHN PHILLIPS, formerly an A.I.F. sergeant, adjusts actor Joe Vallee's equipment before Vallee goes on the set.



Mr. CHARLES CHAUVEL, producer, with Mrs. Chauvel, filling a lunch billy from a well sunk in the sand near the location.

Editorial

NOVEMBER 6, 1943

ECONOMY IS A VIRTUE

THE coal shortage has put another test on wartime consciences with the introduction of gas and electricity rationing on the honor system.

Most housewives, as guardians of domestic light and power bills, were at first dismayed at the request to cut consumption by 20 per cent.

"But I'm always economical," was the average reaction. "I like to keep the bills down."

That is true enough of most homes, but the situation now calls for more than ordinary economy. Housewives must become downright cheese-paring in the matter of gas and electricity.

This requires extra thought and time and planning, commodities of which most busy homemakers and war-workers have little to spare. The wartime difficulties of housekeeping have added many new cares to the domestic day.

Mother will have to call anew on those reserves of courage and humor and enterprise, of which she seems to have an inexhaustible store, and say again: "Well, it would be worse if bombs were falling!"

Many practical hints on fuel-saving have been publicised.

Their success now depends on individual willingness to co-operate.

More than willingness, perhaps, for the willing spirit is so often allied to weaker flesh and good resolutions are apt to give way under pressure of haste or weariness.

War is partly an endurance test. Victors will be the peoples who can go on longest putting up with wartime trials, from the tragic ones like bombs to the trifling kind like domestic inconveniences.

—THE EDITOR.

Australian minesweeper's part in Sicily invasion

An Australian minesweeper was one of the leading ships in the huge convoy that took part in the invasion of Sicily.

The story is told in letters from men who served in the ship, Chief Engineer, Artificer Farrell and Able-Seaman Fair. Another of this week's "Letters from Our Boys" describes the capture of Pantellaria.

"WE were the leading ship of the sweepers, and had to sweep a channel as fast as possible to allow the other ships to go in," wrote Chief Engineer Artificer Farrell to his wife at Spring Street, Chatswood, N.S.W.

"It seems funny to remember all the talk about a second front, and then to have seen what was required to carry it out, and how secretly it all had to be done.

"We had had plenty of guesses, but we were well under way before we were told about it.

"Each day the convoy got bigger until we wondered if there was enough water in the Med. to float all the ships.

"It was a grand sight, and, as you know, the convoy contained everything from battleships to corvettes.

"We had a grandstand view of the landing, and it went off perfectly.

"The Italian fleet did not take too many chances, and kept out of the way. It was fortunate for them, as they would not have lasted long.

"A few planes made it interesting, but they soon made off when the Spitfires came around. We gave a good account of ourselves, and have the credit of one plane the first day.

"We listened to the wireless and heard mention about ships from every country bar Australia. It was disappointing to the lads, as they were proud to be in it.

"It was very hard to get any sleep, and we were pleased when we shoved off to Malta for fuel.

"Altogether we have done plenty of good work, and have kept on the move all the time."

Able-Seaman Fair to his cousin, Miss S. L. Gooden, at 25 Remura St., Willoughby, N.S.W.:

"WE arrived at Sicily a couple of hours after the landing of the troops and paratroops. It was just dawn when we got there.

"Although we could see and hear guns firing long before we arrived, it was a real walk-over, where we were at any rate.

"If all invasions were like this, I wouldn't mind being in them all.

"At dawn we came in pretty close to the coast after mines, but there wasn't one.

"We could see a village which apparently had been visited by the R.A.F. as it was badly smashed up and deserted.

"A couple of Dutch ships were bombarding a ridge which ran along the top of the beach. It was lovely shooting, gradually working along a few feet at a time.

"Later a destroyer and a cruiser shelled further inland. It's a great sight to see them fire a broadside. There's a big flash of flame, and then the cordite smoke partly hides the ship; last of all comes the boom.

"We later anchored and stayed there for the rest of the day, while a few miles further on, enemy aircraft were dropping bombs.

"Just after dark we weighed anchor and started on a patrol. None too soon, either, as we were hardly under way when they bombed the anchorage."



DRIVER R. GARBUETT, A.I.F., takes an informal bath at a battle station somewhere in Australia. Picture sent by his mother in Melbourne.

Able-Seaman H. J. Moore, serving with the Royal Navy overseas, to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Moore, 41 Hunter St., Richmond, Vic.:

"BEFORE the capture of Pantellaria we were out night and day shelling it.

"They answered our fire vigorously, several of their shells passing fairly close to us, but we gradually silenced them.

"Then one night we slipped out of harbor with the entire fleet, and we all knew something big was on.

"Next morning at 10.30 when we arrived near the island we found the sea covered with invasion barges.

"At 11 a.m. the fun started, wave after wave of bombers bombing the island.

"It was a wonderful, yet horrifying, sight.

"Then we went in, and how!

"We could see the Italian soldiers on the shore, and we pounded



SOLDIERS IN NEW GUINEA. From left, reading from back row, Cpl. Knight, Drivers Draper, Mathieson, Weston, Pte. Donsett, Driver Muller, L/Cpl. Jones, Driver McLeod, and Driver Mortimer.



CORPORAL M. IRVINE, R.A.F., sent this snapshot of himself and Johnny, a native boy, who works in an R.A.F. store in New Guinea. Johnny is wearing his "Sunday best," which Air Force boys give him.

them. Our pom-poms opened up and did great damage.

"At noon the landing force went ashore and soon mopped the place up.

"After the surrender we went to Lampedusa, and had a rub at that. After all night shelling and bombing it packed up, but not before they threw some shells at us. Luckily, they all missed."

SEND the letters you receive from your men and women in the Services to "Letters from Our Boys," conducted by Adele Shelton Smith.

As an acknowledgment, The Australian Women's Weekly pays for every letter, extract, and photograph published. Minimum payment for long letters is £1, and for brief extracts, 3/-.

Hundreds of our readers have used this payment to send extra comforts to servicemen.

Special prize for early buyers of Red Cross Xmas Cards

Those who buy their cards early in the Red Cross Christmas Card Art Union have a chance of winning the microscope, deerstalker cap, and pipe, used by Basil Rathbone when he played Sherlock Holmes, and an autographed book of Sherlock Holmes stories.

BASIL RATHBONE asked the Hollywood representative of The Australian Women's Weekly to send these articles to the Red Cross in Australia.

He and Nigel Bruce, who played Dr. Watson in "The Hound of the Baskervilles," autographed the book.

This special prize is in addition to your chance in the big money prizes, which range from £1000 to £5.

Return the butts of cards you hold to the Red Cross before December 8.

On that date a lucky number will be drawn for the special prize, and will be put back in the barrel for the big drawing on January 27.

These Christmas cards, colored reproductions of paintings by well-known Australian artists, are 1/- each, and are made up in books of six cards for 5/-.

Thus every buyer of a book of cards receives one free card, and, therefore, a free chance to win £1000 or one of the smaller prizes.

Christmas cards are scarce this year, and by sending these you send your friend not only a card, but also a chance to win one of the prizes, which are: First, gold em-

blem valued at £1000; second, £350; third, £100; fourth, £50; and 100 prizes of £5 each.

All proceeds from the sale of cards will be used for comforts for sick and wounded soldiers, and for prisoners of war.

Cards can be obtained at Red Cross offices, or by filling in and posting the coupon below.

Your ONLY Chance

to win the SPECIAL PRIZE (see story), as well as £2000 in gold prizes in the Red Cross Christmas Card Art Union, is to buy your cards early, and return butts by December 8. Call TO-DAY at your Red Cross Branch, or at Prudential Building, 39 Martin Place, Sydney, or fill in this coupon and mail NOW.

(Please write clearly.)

To Lady Gordon, President, Red Cross Xmas Card Art Union, Box 5500, G.P.O., Sydney.

Please forward me _____ cards in the Red Cross Xmas Card Art Union. I enclose _____ shillings (£1/- per card, or 5/- per book of 6 cards).

NAME (Mr., Mrs., Miss) _____

ADDRESS _____



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . By Wep

Film Reviews

★★★ TALK OF THE TOWN

INVOLVING a fugitive from legal injustice, the nation's foremost legal theorist, and the nicest girl gossip ever went to town on, this film presents an intriguing new concept of the romantic triangle.

George Stevens' direction is subtle, and he has skillfully blended racy comedy and charming romance against a suspenseful background of melodrama and fast-paced action.

Cary Grant, the most appealing person ever wanted for murder, moves through his role with deft polish, and Ronald Colman manages the transition from a dignified, bearded professor to a human being with suave assurance. As the warm-hearted young schoolteacher, Jean Arthur gives a delightful performance, and makes an ingratiating and winsome heroine.

This all adds up to exhilarating entertainment, a sparkle with crisp comedy and diverting situations.—State; showing.

★★ I MARRIED A WITCH

ALTHOUGH United Artists have assembled an impressive cast, headed by Fredric March and Veronica Lake, and featuring Robert Benchley, Susan Hayward, and Cecil Kellaway, this film is rather too fantastic to appeal to average audiences. However, the novelty angle is interesting and very capably handled.

The story opens at the end of the seventeenth century, with a Puritan condemning a sorcerer and his witch daughter to be burned at the stake. A curse is laid upon the Puritan and his descendants. The action is then brought to modern times. March, one of the descendants, is running

OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★ Excellent
★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars — below average.

for election for governor, but is haunted by the spirits of the sorcerer (Kellaway) and his daughter (Veronica Lake).

Both March and Miss Lake appear unhappy in their roles, but Cecil Kellaway does a splendid job.—Piano; showing.

★★ FLIGHT FOR FREEDOM

A RATHER vague, but sometimes moving, film revolving round a courageous woman flier who sacrifices life and love to carry out an important mission for her country. An air trip round the world and glimpses of American naval forces in action in the South Pacific are provided as dramatic back-grounds for the story.

Rosalind Russell is competent as ever, and makes the gallant young pilot an appealing and vital person.

Aside from its entertaining action, this film has a tender, romantic triangle, cunningly injected, with Fred MacMurray—neatly cast as the dashing pilot—and Herbert Marshall, a trifle jaded, but still very sweet and understanding, as the staunch friend.—Regent; showing.

★ TWO SENORITAS FROM CHICAGO

SOME amusing burlesque from fact-talking comedienne Joan Davis is the saving grace of this otherwise tiresome film of show life in Broadway. The story is based on the harum-scarum adventures of two Chicago girls (Joan Davis and Jinx Falkenburg), who pose as Portuguese actresses in order to win stage fame, but it makes pretty dull fare and lacks originality and sparkle.

Jinx displays her chapely legs in several rumba routines and sings a few mediocre songs. Bob Haymes and Ann Savage give some assistance on the musical numbers, but **JOHN PHILLIPS**, in an un-actor Joe Vallee's, Capitol; showing.

Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, are trying to clear **PRINCESS NARDA:** Who, with Teller Smith, is charged with theft.

Real thief is hypnotist Grando. Mandrake's ex-assistant, who bribes two men to kill Mandrake. The men watch at Mandrake's window, throw a brick to stun him, and he appears to disintegrate.

NOW READ ON:



ELABORATE plans are afoot for the first anniversary of the Hollywood Canteen, and president Bette Davis and vice-president John Garfield promise a very special celebration. Guests of honor for the night will be a group of British soldiers. The canteen, which is serviced by 7000 volunteer studio workers, with 900 bands playing for the dancers, has entertained 1,200,000 servicemen in the year.

THIS week Laraine Day purchased a "seeing eye" dog for a marine who was blinded at Guadalcanal, and whom she knew from the Little Theatre days.

THE pirates from "Frenchman's Creek" presented director Mitchell Leisen with a birthday cake, decorated with a flock of birds and bearing the legend "Here are your darning seagulls." Leisen wanted gulls flying about the masts of the ship as described in Du Maurier's book, so had the ship towed to a spot where the gulls are plentiful, but the birds failed to co-operate. In despair he persuaded the San Diego Zoo to supply the birds, but the trip upset them and they refused to fly. Finally Leisen gave up, had the ship towed back to Hollywood and shot the scene on the soundstage with a few trained and stuffed birds.

Australian bush as background of new radio session

Outback Australia is the setting for a new half-hour radio programme, "Over the Sliprails," heard each Thursday night at 8 o'clock from 2GB.

"OVER THE SLIPRAILS" is a Melbourne production written by Phillip Darbyshire, and under the direction of Hector Crawford, conductor of the Melbourne Conservatorium Symphony Orchestra.

There is plenty of drama in the background against which appropriate music and songs are heard.

The author is out to portray the bush life with its continuous battle against nature and its rich comradeship among neighbors, who are ever ready to help each other in times of flood, drought, and fire.

There is some very fine singing from the male quartet, with soloists Anthony Strange

and William Laird providing some appealing numbers.

Tenor Anthony Strange came to Australia for health reasons over 20 years ago, after much travel in Europe. For a time he lived in Tunisia.

In his time he has been a farmer, boundary rider, jackeroo, a coal-miner, a dairyman, a salesman, and an announcer. He did all this before taking up singing seriously.

He taught himself singing from books borrowed from a library, and his quick rise to radio success can be attributed directly to hard work and determination.

During the past few years Anthony Strange has been starred in a number of major radio presentations on both national and commercial stations, in addition to singing the lead in oratorio and opera.

As Clarence in "Over the Slip-

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION FROM 2GB

EVERY DAY FROM 4.30 TO 5 P.M.

WEDNESDAY, November 3: Reg

W. Edwards' Gardening Talk.

THURSDAY, November 4 (from 4.30

to 4.45): Goodie Reeve presents

"All Those in Favor."

FRIDAY, November 5: The Australian

Women's Weekly presents Goodie

Reeve in Gems of Melody.

SATURDAY, November 6: Goodie

Reeve presents Radio competition,

"Melody Fourways."

SUNDAY, November 7 (11.15 to 2.30):

The Australian Women's Weekly

presents "Festival of Music."

MONDAY, November 8: Goodie

Reeve's "Letters From Our Boys."

TUESDAY, November 9: Musical Al-

phabet.

rails" he has a role that appeals to him because of his love of country life.

Artists who appear in the cast are Keith Hudson, Marcia Hart, Hal Percy, Tom Lake, Peter Sutcliffe, Robert Burnard, Eileen Bradley, Keith Howard, William Laird, and Agnes Dobson, with Eileen Bradley as soloist, and the octet and orchestra.



IN THE EAST. Snapped with two native children, Beth Thompson, of Kew, Victoria, in Singapore before she began her hazardous travels to Chungking, where she married.



IN BURMA. Beth Thompson took this snap in Burma, where she went from Singapore. She was one of the last three women to be evacuated from Burma to India as the Japanese advanced.



MR. PATRICK SEDGWICK, who recently married Australian Beth Thompson in Chungking.

Australian girl's marriage in Chungking

King's Messenger brought icing sugar for wedding at Embassy

Australian Beth Thompson, from Kew, Victoria, who has been doing a confidential war job in the East for the past two years, was married recently at the British Embassy, Chungking, to an Englishman, Patrick Sedgwick, of the Colonial Administrative Service.

Beth flew from Calcutta to Chungking last May, met her future husband on the night of her arrival, and was engaged a month later. She had been a year in India, after a last-minute escape from Burma as the Japanese advanced.

a large Russian community here, as all the men bring their families."

When she first arrived in Chungking, Beth Thompson had the temporary picturesque address of No. 15 Fang Niu Hang. She said that in Chungking wherever she goes she has to climb steps.

"I must say I felt a trifle shaken when, landing after a not too comfortable trip (I wasn't sick, but fell very close to it, as you are over mountainous country all the time), I discovered that I had to climb over 200 steps to the road.

"As soon as we got amongst the crowds of people I was impressed by the general color scheme of bright blue and black. Nearly all the people wear garments made from this blue cloth (the blue of butchers' aprons), and the buildings are all dark grey and black.

"All furniture is made either of deal or wickerwork, and is fantastically expensive.

"A cup of tea may be enjoyed for the modest sum of 4/61.

"Everything that bites and itches seems to be here. You wake up with a huge lump and think mumps are on the way, and then you see a tiny spot and are relieved that you have only been bitten.

"We have a cat, which is a luxury for this place. If the Chinese are lucky enough to possess a cat they tie it up. There are rats as large as rabbits—hence the cat value.

"The day I arrived was not without its excitement. We were roused from our beds at 1.30 a.m. by the air-raid alarm. We had to dress, breakfast, and so on, in case the third alarm went, and we had to go to the shelter. Fortunately it didn't go.

"There is a swimming pool in the third range of hills, which means a day's excursion to have a bathe."

Strenuous travels

BETH THOMPSON'S travels to Chungking from Singapore were very strenuous. She was in Singapore when the Japanese commenced their bombing, but later transferred to Rangoon.

"When we arrived at Rangoon the place was deserted, 1000 killed in air raids, double the number injured, no coolies, no taxis, the air still full of the odor of death and black with crows. Only skeleton staffs were left at the hospitals, as all the native workers had gone."

She was amongst the last three women to be evacuated from Burma, and, with just a few belongings that could be carried, travelled by aeroplane, river boat, and train to India.

She was in India over 12 months, and visited New Delhi, travelled as far as the border of Tibet and spent a wonderful holiday amongst the snow at Kashmir.

Beth continued her job during her twelve months in India, with the exception of the short holiday in Kashmir.

She belongs to a family which is making a big contribution to the war effort. Her mother does secretarial work at an explosives factory. Her father is in the clerical section of a military hospital. Her sister Betty does an essential war service job.

There are four brothers serving. Sergeant Maxwell Thompson, R.A.F., who is a prisoner of war in Java; Sergeant Deric Thompson, A.I.F.; Sergeant Rex Thompson, R.A.A.F.; and Sub-Lieut. Keith Thompson, R.A.N., who has just been invalided home with a wounded leg.

Sees Canberra's history in its garden growth

When Dame Enid Lyons, M.H.R., and Senator Dorothy Tangney plant a rose-tree each in Parliament House gardens, Canberra, that will be another bit of Canberra garden history for Charlie May to remember.

Charlie May, now in charge of the 15 acres of gardens round Parliament House, probably knows more about Canberra's growing history in its trees and gardens than anyone else in the Federal Capital.

HE began work in Canberra when all its leafy roads and lovely gardens were just lines and dots on blue-prints. An Englishman, Charlie May was trained at a world-famous nursery in Reading, England.

He migrated to Australia 36 years ago, and one of his first jobs here was to plant the first pines on Mt. Stromlo.

Timber from these pines is now being used in floors and ceilings of additions being built at Parliament House.

Mr. May was for ten years a foreman in the Parks and Gardens Department, under Mr. Weston, first Superintendent of Parks and Gardens, who laid out the whole Federal Capital city.

Mr. May's wife is an English girl whom he met in Canberra. They have six children.

The arizonica pines near Parliament House were among the first trees planted in Canberra.

"That was quite a performance," Mr. May recalled.

"They were fifteen feet tall, and we moved them from Yarralumla nursery. We had a team of four horses to bring them, one at a time, and the planting cost \$5 a shift.

"The trees that show the most growth are the four poplars in Parliament House courtyard.

"They were only a few feet high when planted, and now they must be all of 70 feet. Let me see, the Marquis of Salisbury planted one of them, and Mr. Thomas Henderson, a visiting Englishman, planted another one. The superintendent, Mr. Bruce, planted the third, and Mr. Priddle, who built the House, the fourth.

"Another interesting tree is a rowan tree sent from Scotland.



CHARLIE MAY (front right), with his three assistants, Amos Turner and Bill Parkes (back row), and Alec Simpson (front left).



CHARLIE MAY working among the hyacinths at Canberra.

Mr. May has three gardeners to assist him, and also a group of Land Girls.

The Land Girls grow vegetables and flowers, which are given to Service clubs and Red Cross stalls.

One of Mr. May's three assistants is Amos Turner, from Kosciusko, who was in the first A.I.F.

Alec Simpson, a sturdy old Scot from Lossiemouth, has been four times round the world as a member of the Merchant Navy. He fought with the first A.I.F.

Youngest of the three is 40-year-old Bill Parkes, who has been on the staff for 16 years. His brother, Norman, is Acting Sergeant-at-Arms.

"I remember we had quite a ceremony over that, and the visiting gentleman who planted it made quite a speech. He said he felt sure it would thrive in Australian soil, just as Scotmen transplanted to Australian soil flourish here.

"But it's a funny thing, that rowan hasn't done as well as lots of other trees brought from the Old Country. I expect we just struck a bad patch of soil, but I think the man who made the speech would be a bit disappointed if he knew.

"We have six varieties of English oak here, and they've done splendidly."

Like every other Canberra resident, Mr. May is very proud of its flowering trees.

In the past few weeks, decked in their delicate pink blossom, they have looked like rows of ballerinas along Canberra's winding roads.

"We planted them in 1928," says Mr. May, "and they have looked their best this spring.

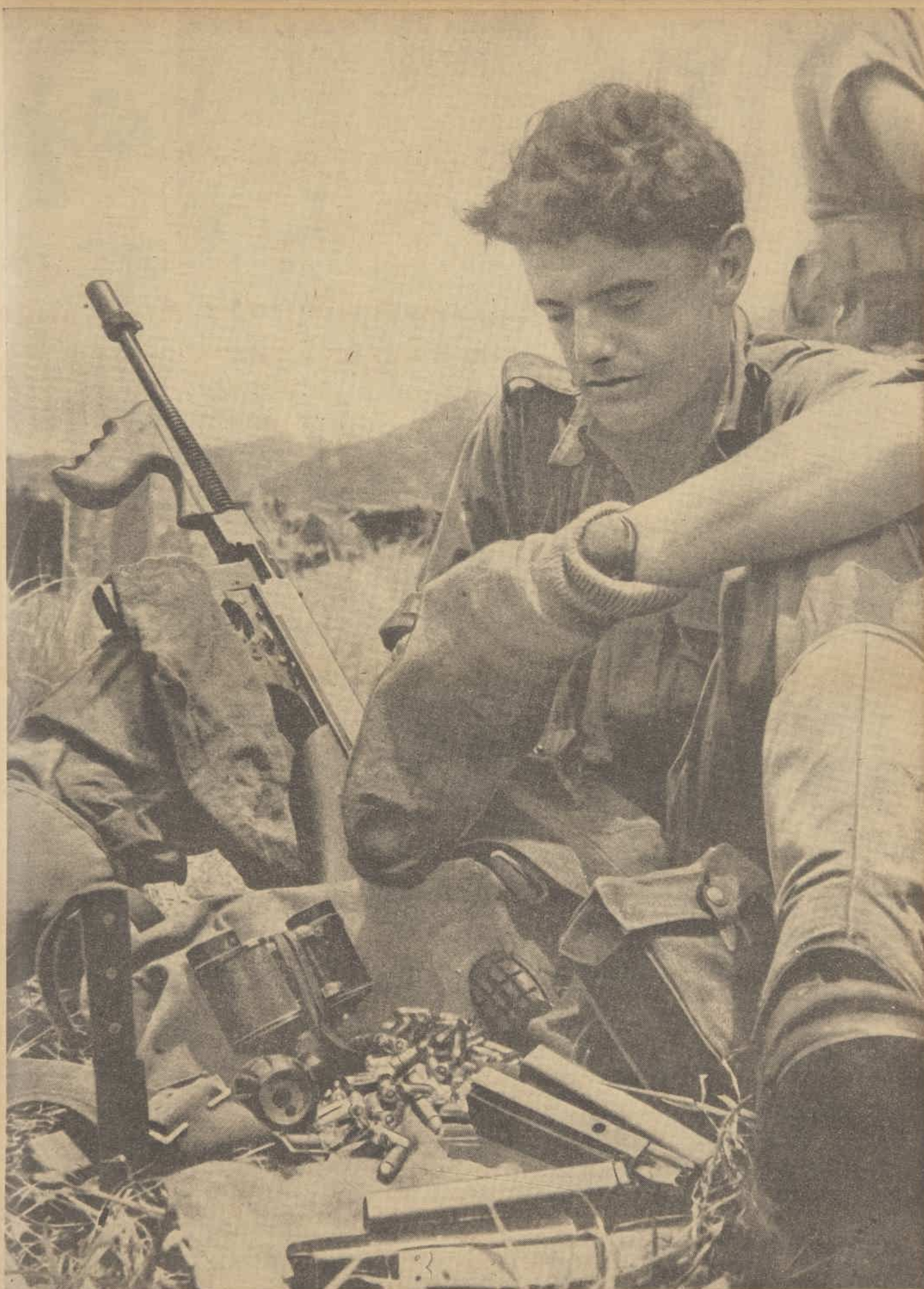
"The famous tulips were bought for £4 by Mr. Weston, and as they multiplied every year they'd be worth anything up to £1000 when the war started."

The hyacinths and daffodils which add their color to the spring pageant were a gift from Holland, sent out with the Dutch airmen who competed in the Melbourne Centenary air race in 1935.

All the 3000 roses in Parliament House gardens have been presented, and Mr. May seems to know them all individually.

Mr. May was away from his beloved gardens for some months this year.

With 128 other Canberra identities, most of them, like himself, last war soldiers, he joined the Canberra Battalion, which went to Northern Australia as garrison troops.



Halt for repairs

● Lieut. T. Byrne finds his socks the worse for wear after a three-day patrol in the mountainous Ramu Range in New Guinea. He has spread his equipment and munitions out to dry while he wields a darning needle. Lieut. Byrne comes from Campsie, N.S.W.

Dept. of Information Photo.

"WHAT makes you think I am to skip?"

"Your shelves are empty. Everything you've got's loaded on that launch. So you're not coming back."

"Guesses are cheap," Smeed derided.

Lee's eyes shifted to the wall beyond Smeed on which was his photograph gallery of women, each pinned with four thumb tacks.

"Help yourself," Smeed jeered.

"Maybe I will, Smeed." Abruptly Lee left the store, and Smeed heard him tramping down the beach.

Although it was now nearly midnight, the entrance of a customer startled Smeed.

He went into the store-room and saw with relief that it was only Clyde Pembroke. The planter stood unsteadily on his short legs.

"I'm outa grog again," he said, huskily. "Wrap up a quart."

Smeed's stock had all gone from the store, so, anxious to do nothing to arouse Pembroke's suspicions, he said amiably: "Come into my office and I'll give you some Squareface."

Pembroke followed him into the office. It was a long time since he'd been in there. Smeed mixed two drinks and passed one to his guest. "Happy days," he said. "Now I'll wrap up what's left." He reached for a square bottle.

When he looked up Pembroke was staring at the pictures on the wall. As he stared, the man's sullen, blotched face fired into fury. "Confound you!" he blurted. "I oughta bash your face in!"

"What for?" Smeed asked.

"Whatta yuh mean puttin' her in right among all those women?" Pembroke reached out, and tore one of the photographs from its thumb tack moorings. "You gotta nerve puttin' her in a harem, like that."

Smeed tried to placate him. "I didn't mean anything by it, Clyde." He saw that the snapshot which Clyde had torn from the wall was one which he, Smeed, had taken of

Continuing... Down To Brass Tacks

from page 7

the missionary's daughter just before she had left the island. "Don't get sore, chum," Smeed purred. "Here, take this on the house."

The planter, still boiling, snatched the wrapped quart from him. "I'll take it, but not as a gift." He tossed money on the table, and reeled out. Over his shoulder he called back, "I'll scuttle you for this, you ——" The maudlin voice faded out. But Smeed heard him go toward Pai village.

Alarmed, Smeed rushed out and caught up with him. "See here, old chap, where are you goin'?"

Pembroke whirled to face him. "I'm goin' to help that Yank sailor, like he asked me. We'll put the natives wise. If they don't gang you and make you give that money back, we'll get 'em to —" Fury choked Pembroke for a moment.

"Let's go back and talk it over," Smeed urged desperately.

He took Pembroke's arm. The man not only jerked free, but he slapped Smeed stingingly across the face.

Smeed took the automatic pistol from his belt and crashed it down on the planter's head. Pembroke sagged in a limp heap to the sand.

Smeed decided not to risk waiting any longer. There'd be a flood tide at dawn, and he must get aboard the Ceelia and be gone.

He went up to his quarters and packed bags. Most of his valuables, including the store safe, had already gone aboard.

Next he went into the office to pick up the records there. He was tossing them into a sea chest when he became aware of a strange blankness on the walls.

Where was that gallery of women? It was gone. The walls were bare except for four thumb tacks, each with a fringe of torn

paper around it. That was where Pembroke in his maudlin resentment had snatched away the snapshot of the missionary's daughter.

Now all the rest of the pictures were gone, thumb tacks and all.

The fact made a clammy moisture break out on Smeed's face, and he recalled a warning from Skipper Amos Pring. "They'll ketch up with you some day, them females will!"

Tropic dawn came with its usual suddenness, and Smeed saw that the lagoon was at flood tide. He carried his bags to the skiff, then went back for the chest. He was rowing soon toward the launch.

Half-way there, he looked over his shoulder, and saw a canoe push off from it. The occupant of the canoe was Lee Mason.

"Ahoi there!" Smeed hailed him. But Lee didn't answer. He continued on to the beach while Smeed oared fretfully on to the launch. What had been the sailor's errand there?

And where had he been at the moment of Pembroke's murder? New fears gripped Smeed. Had Mason, peering from the night, been a witness to the crime?

At the launch Smeed heaved his luggage over the rail. Then he climbed aboard and set the skiff adrift.

"What was that Yank sailor doin' on board?" he yelled at his three half-caste rowabouts.

"We didn't see him," they said. "Well, get the engine started, and look lively. We're uppin' anchor."

Next morning at daybreak Smeed sighted Port Louis. More shipping was in the harbor than he had ever seen there before. Authorities here wouldn't have much time these days to waste on a strip of coral and sand like Paou Island.

Dropping his own hook, Smeed went immediately ashore. By mid-morning a dealer had contracted for his entire cargo of copra and he had found a buyer for the launch.

Smeed paid off his three men, and sent them packing, then took all the cash from his safe, stowed it in a bag, and registered at an hotel ashore. He booked passage on a ship leaving next evening for Suva, where he could change his name and ship out for parts unknown.

By noon next day Smeed had collected what was owing for the launch and its cargo.

When he put the money in his loot-bag, along with the thousand guineas he had stripped from the natives at Paou, the bag was bulging. Smeed chuckled. Those suckers on Paou were waiting for bomb shelters that would never come.

Then, after checking out at the hotel, he hurried with his bag toward the wharf.

On the wharf he engaged a skiff. "Boy, take me out to the Starling."

But an intruding voice spoke quietly at his elbow. "Just a minute, Smeed." Whirling quickly, Smeed lost color when he saw that it was the deputy commissioner of Port Louis and a constable.

"We're off on a little inspection cruise," the commissioner announced. "And I fancy we'd better take you along, Smeed."

"Where?" Smeed demanded hoarsely.

"To Paou Island."

"What's the idea?"

"Get into the skiff," the officer said firmly.

He and the constable embarked in the skiff with Smeed. "Row out to that launch, the Ceelia, boy."

As they neared the Ceelia the commissioner said: "When you came in here, Smeed, she was in full cargo. Look at her now, riding high and empty."

Smeed saw that the Pilmali line was indeed now about three feet above water. And on the wooden side of her, just below the Pilmali line, he saw lettering.

He knew it couldn't be paint or chalk. The wash of the sea, coming

MOPSY—The Cheery Redhead



"Business is dull! Everybody seems to think they know everything these days!"

over from Paou, would have erased any such sub-surface writing.

The skiff coasted nearer and Smeed made out the first letter. It was an H, about a foot high and made with twelve brassy dots:

HOLD SMEED FOR MURDER PROOF ON PAOU.

(Copyright)

The dots were the heads of thumb tacks which had been pressed into the wood of the ship's side. Sunlight glittered on those brass tack heads, and with dismay Smeed realized that it was the unloading of his own loot that had brought them into view. The entire message had twenty-nine letters, so that some three hundred thumb tacks had been needed to make them.

"I wonder where the informer got that many tacks," murmured the commissioner. Then he read aloud the indictment—

HOLD SMEED FOR MURDER PROOF ON PAOU.

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Mystery Stalks the Roof

Continued from page 4

THERE was a slatted flooring on the tin of the roof, to protect it. The tower room went up higher, quite among the top branches of a pine tree. There were more pines about the house, too. A low ornamental iron railing gave a false sense of security. It could stand no strain at all, nor as a matter of fact, had it.

On the east side it had been broken through, and a whole long section of it had fallen away down the mansard slating and beyond the wide gutter. The light was still very dim, and we couldn't identify the garment.

"It must be caught on a point of the broken railing down below the gutter," Jeffrey said. "I'll climb down and take a look."

"You'd do no such thing," I objected firmly. "Unless you have a rope tied about you."

Jill Murray suggested that she go down to the cellar and get some clothes-line from the laundry, and Bud said he would go with her. They went in at the lower-room door and Jeffrey and I were left alone.

He said: "That, of course, is where the man went over. It's a bit to the left of your windows, Anne. I wonder if someone was up here with him?"

"You don't really suspect that nice girl, do you?"

"No, not really, although she is hiding something."

"I think it's something more about her mother. But, Jeffrey, her mother simply couldn't be struggling with a man like Walshied up here on the roof at two in the morning. She is a really delightful lady, Jeffrey."

Jeffrey said: "Even delightful ladies have been known to be desperate—under pressure. What was this Walshied like, Anne?"

"I only saw him last night at dinner, and afterwards playing bridge."

"What did you think of him?"

"Not much." I considered a moment. "He was a handsome sort of creature, but he impressed me as being almost too masculine and vital, very dark and bull-like. He was one of these patters, you know."

"Patters?"

"Yes, he'd unostentatiously pat

this woman or that on the hand or the shoulder, and manage to imply that he had special little secrets with her. I think he had an unwholesome mind as well."

"Why?" Jeffrey asked.

"Well, he was talking all through dinner about the Aztecs and the Mayans, and was fearfully enthusiastic about their sun worshiping. He went on very foolishly about the force and power and life-giving qualities of the great Sun-Father Principle. And he touched on human sacrifice. He seemed to approve of it highly."

We heard footsteps behind us, and Bud and Jill came out on the roof, Rufus Keyes was with them.

Bud handed a coil of rope to Jeffrey, who began to unwind it.

Keyes said: "I heard these people tiptoeing around outside my door, so I came out. What are you planning to do now, Doctor McNeill?"

"Let myself down into the gutter and investigate something."

Jeffrey was doubling the rope, fastening it securely about an iron pipe that was a vent in the roof. He let himself slowly down the side of the mansard roofing, then, with one foot on the gutter's edge and the other braced against the wall, he leaned far out and over.

"Can you make out what it is?" Jill called down, and he called back, "It seems to be a cloak, a drab cape affair. I know—it's a Tyrolean cape."

The nice nurse, Polly Smith, had come in last night wearing a Tyrolean cape. But that was after Alex Walshied had fallen from the roof.

"One of the Tyrolean capes!" Jill said. "Doctor Burch has several of them."

Bud said: "That does change things, doesn't it! It introduces the woman on the roof."

Jeffrey called: "All right, I'm coming up now." The mansard roof has an appreciable slant, and he was helped by the rope and a lightning-rod line. Keyes and Bud were pulling as well. In a moment he was safe on the roof.

Jill asked: "But why didn't you bring up the cloak?"

He said: "It has to stay there for the police to see. Do you know whose it is?"

Jill said, "It's Doctor Burch's."

Rufus Keyes said: "Walshied used to wear that cape himself sometimes. He'd come up here on the roof and stalk about in it and recite Shakespeare. He was very fond of the ghost's part in 'Hamlet.' I came on him up here one evening claiming that he was my father's spirit, doomed for a certain time to walk the night."

"Did you indeed?" Jeffrey asked dryly.

I felt convinced that the man was lying because he didn't want any woman or Doctor Burch involved in a murder investigation.

Jeffrey said: "Well, let's go in. There's no use in getting drenching wet out here. We'll have to telephone the police."

We trailed into the tower-room feeling damp and unhappy. It was a stuffy little place, smelling of dry wood and dust. I sneezed, and was suddenly aware that my throat was sore, and that I was exhausted.

Rufus Keyes, starting down the narrow, winding stairs, stopped looked back, and said: "Why stir up mud from the bottom of the pond, McNeill? I assure you that Walshied did come up on the roof alone frequently. There was a moon last night."

Jeffrey said: "All right, Keyes, you knew and I didn't, but if you can convince the medical examiner and the district attorney that a man put on a woman's cape and went up alone on a roof at two o'clock in the morning to gaze at the moon and recite the ghost's speech from 'Hamlet' to himself, and that he carelessly strolled off the edge in doing it, then you have an invaluable gift of hypnotic persuasion, and I congratulate you."

After that we went on down the stairs. I sneezed three times again. I said, "I'm awfully afraid I've caught cold, Jeffrey."

And he said in disgust that he was afraid I had.

It was almost six o'clock when we got back to our bedroom. He sent me in to take a hot bath and some aspirin while he telephoned the police about the cape.

To be continued

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As I Read the S.T.A.R.S. by JUNE MARSDEN

PROFITIOUS influences are again dominant, and many people can look forward to general good fortune.

Cancerians and Pisceans should plan confidently and work hard, for many of their hopes may be realised soon. The times are also helpful to Capricornians, Gemini's, and Librans.

Taurians, Leonians and most Aquarians, however, should stick to routine work and try to show patience and good humor.

Daily Diary

HERE is my astrological review for the week:

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): November 2 around dawn fair; November 8 from 2 a.m. to dusk, excepting only around noon, good; November 9 from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. and after dusk, very good. Seek modest advancements with confidence.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 21): A week needing caution; affairs await rash and unwise Taurians, especially before sunrise and around dusk on November 3, late November 4, all November 5, and much of November 6 and 7. Routine best.

GEMINI (May 21 to June 21): November 1 from 2 to 4 p.m. can be surprisingly fortunate for you. So can November 9 from dawn to sunset, and in mid-evening. Most efforts may bear good fruit then, but be cautious on November 9, 1, and 3. Best modest progress on good days.

CANCER (June 21 to July 21): November 1 from dawn to 11 a.m., and from 1 to 4 p.m., can be very good, so seek desired goals and changes or gains during those hours. November 2, afternoon and evening, very good; also November 8 from 3 p.m. to 10 p.m.

LEO (July 21 to August 21): Unhappy, unconfident, impatient Leonians are not in trouble just now, so caution is strongly advised. November 2 poor; November 4 poor; November 5 adverse. Keep to routine affairs; avoid changes, arguments, indiscretions.

VIRGO (August 21 to September 21): November 3, after 8 p.m. (only); November 1, morning; November 4, before 10 a.m. and after 8 p.m.; November 8 (except midday) to 4 p.m.; and November 9, afternoon and late evening, all favor semi-important matters.

LIBRA (September 21 to October 21): Recent good work may produce desired results on November 8, excepting midday. Best opportunities: November 2, dawn; November 4, late evening; and November 8, from dawn to sunrise, fair.

SCORPIO (October 21 to November 21): A week of possible opportunities and good fortune; so seek promotions, gains, favors, changes, with confidence. Especially on November 7 during mid-afternoon or mid-evening hours, and November 9 after 11 a.m. Most best periods are November 2, late evening; November 3, near sunrise; November 4, to 9 a.m.; and November 8, to 7 p.m.

SAGITTARIUS (November 21 to December 21): November 2, near dawn, and November 6, to 4 p.m., but excluding midday hours, both very helpful. November 8, from 11 a.m. to 4 p.m. and after 7 p.m., very good. Utilize these periods for advancement and changes of semi-important matters.

CAPRICORN (December 21 to January 21): A week of possibilities, but do not demand the impossible. November 2, late evening hours; November 3, near sunrise; November 4, to 8 a.m.; November 5, to 8 a.m. and in afternoon; and November 7, after 3 p.m., all very helpful.

AQUARIUS (January 21 to February 21): Take no risks. Seeming good fortune on November 6, probably, can be illusory. Caution, upsets, worries, and delays are more likely, especially on November 2, November 8, mid-November 6, early November 2, and on November 8. Routine best just now.

PISCES (February 21 to March 21): Opportunities are abundant if you plan wisely and work well just now. November 2, late evening, good; but poor until 8 p.m. November 3 and 4, to 8 a.m., good. November 4, good from dawn to 8 a.m., and very good during afternoon; November 7, excellent from 2 to 10 p.m.; November 8, morning fair, balance tricky.

The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]

Animal Antics



"I'll give you Lydia Pisanoff, who will tell you some of her hair-raising experiences."

Fashion PATTERNS



FASHION FROCK SERVICE

"HELEN" Smart frock for morning or afternoon wear. This frock is fashioned from a special material with smooth, subtle finish and of medium weight. This little frock is most suitable for office wear, sports wear, or for any informal occasion.

The shades available are moonlight-grey, subdued-pink, heaven-blue, gold dust, and forest-green.

The design shows a plain neckline, attractive yoke, and twin pockets. The front fastens with self-covered buttons. Shoulders are well extended and sleeves short. The skirt features a single centre-front pleat, and a plain, slim-fitting back.

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How to obtain "Helen." To N.S.W. obtain postal note for required amount and send to Mrs. J. H. G.P.O. Sydney. In other States, use address given on this page. When ordering, be sure to state bust, length, waist, and hip measurements, and name of model.



Needlework Notions

DAINTY LITTLE FROCK IN COTTON.

It's a ready-to-make. Pattern is traced clearly on hard wearing and washable paper. It's a dainty material for warm summer days. It comes in sage-blue, lemon, green, pink, and white.

The style shows a shoulder yoke with front, fullness, short sleeves, buttoned front, and a dainty skirt with fullness and twin pockets.

Size 8 to 10 years, 10/6 (15 coupons); 12 to 14 years, 10/6 (15 coupons). Postage, 6/4d. extra.

Please ask for No. 407.



THREE-PIECE DUCHESSE SET

Easy to embroider and nice to have—or give at Christmas. The three pieces are traced clearly on Indian muslin, in shades of lemon, green, pink, blue, natural, and white, ready for making. Edges may be finished with narrow lace. However, is NOT SUPPLIED with the set.

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PLEASE NOTE: To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: * Write your name and address in block letters. * Be sure to include necessary stamps and postal notes. * State size required. * For children, state age of child. * Use box numbers given on concession coupon.

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LANCASTER BOMBER navigator, Flight-Lieut. Bob Nielson, R.A.A.F., and his bride, formerly Sister Joyce Annetts, R.A.A.F., leave Methodist Church, Strathfield, with their attendants, Flight-Lieut. Peter Isaacson and Mrs. E. Annetts.



U.S. MAJOR WEDS. Major George Welch, U.S. Army Air Corps, and his bride, formerly Jan Williams, and their attendants, Mrs. Richard Laidley Dowling and Major John Bordley, at St. Mark's, Darling Point.

On and Off Duty.

MOST exquisite hand-made animals will form interesting exhibition for Red Cross Seals Appeal, which opens at David Jones' on November 8.

Toys, which are made by 85-year-old Mrs. Penrose Johnston, of Armidale, are all miniature replicas of farmyard animals.

There are horses, cows, sheep, and a miniature bullock team drawing a polished-wood waggion.

The toys, which are astonishingly lifelike, are made by first modelling them in paper-mache. Model is then covered with layer of fine wax, on to which real hair from farm animals is carefully affixed.

Years ago, some of Mrs. Penrose Johnston's work was shown at a London exhibition, where it gained a Certificate of Merit.



EN ROUTE. Mrs. William C. Burdett, wife of the new American Minister to New Zealand, and her two daughters, Agnes (left) and Mary Elizabeth, photographed in Sydney on their way to Wellington.



INTERSTATE CRICKETER. Staff-Sergeant Cecil Pepper, well-known cricketer, and his bride, formerly Maureen Ford, of Wagga.

Interesting People

W/CDR. F. W. P. DIXON
... British Military Mission

VISITING Pacific war zones as a medical officer on British Military Mission headed by Major-General J. S. Lethbridge. Wing-Commander F. W. P. Dixon already knows Australia well. Was educated in Hobart, took medical degree at Melbourne University. Is Doctor of Ophthalmology, Oxford, and Fellow, Royal College of Surgeons. Joined R.A.P. medical branch. Is qualified pilot.



LIEUT. ELMA PAYNE
A.A.M.W.S. Quartermaster.

FIRST woman quartermaster of A.A.M.W.S. is Lieut. Elma Payne, of Sydney. "Like all



quartermasters I am learning to say 'No' on principle," she says. "But it is my business to supply any item of medical equipment, ration, or clothing required," she adds. Is posted

to servicewomen's hospital near Sydney. Joined A.A.M.W.S. from Manly V.A.D. First unit was blood transfusion service. Before war ran her own car hire business.

LT.-COL. A. RUSSELL
... Red Cross Field Force.

LIEUT.-COLONEL ALEX RUSSELL, M.C., has been released by Army to become Chief Commissioner of Australian Red Cross Field Force. Post is full-time job, as he must be able to proceed at any time to any place Red Cross work requires. Was for time Deputy Red Cross Commissioner, Middle East. Is well-known amateur golfer, and grazier of Victoria's Western District.



DROP by the Naval War Auxiliary's shop in Rowe Street, where I find auxiliary members busy selling tickets in their guessing competition for a most wonderful doll's house.

President, Mrs. C. J. Pope, shows me a model of a sailing ship, and a "fleet" of model cruisers and corvettes, also a beautifully dressed doll, which are all prizes in various competitions, proceeds of which will go to auxiliary's funds.

RUSSIAN Section of Russian Medical Aid, who hold regular dances at their new club rooms, 727 George Street, are planning grand cabaret ball on November 6, to commemorate 25th anniversary of the Soviet Republic.

President (Mrs. A. Gorsky) tells me there will be Russian orchestra and Russian supper. Proceeds to go to Sheepskins for Russia Appeal.

CROWNING of queen is the high spot of the Lebanon Ball, at the Paddington Town Hall. School-girl Dolores Joseph, whose committee raises £1412 for the Lebanon War Fund, is crowned by Mrs. F. M. Forde, deputising for her War Minister husband.

A cheque of £2000, which will buy mobile cookers for use in forward areas, is handed to Mrs. Forde by the Lebanon Ladies' Association.

MISS ROSE MERIVALE (president of 27th Armored Regiment Auxiliary) and energetic committee hold musicale for the fund at David Jones'.

Work of auxiliary has special care for dependents of men in the regiment, and Miss Merivale tells me committee are making special effort to raise extra funds.

DIAMOND solitaire for Sister Alison Gow, of Royal Prince Alfred Hospital, who announces her engagement to Corporal Douglas Hyles, A.I.F.

Sister Gow is the second daughter of the late Mr. John Murray Gow, of Canowindra, and of Mrs. N. McLean, of Armidale, and Doug, who is well-known skier, is the second son of Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Hyles, of Canberra.



PREPARING SUPPER at the Allied Soldiers' Club, 44 Macleay Street, are voluntary workers (from left) Betty Cleghorn, Hilda Scanlon, and Mrs. A. Dunkerley.

CORPORAL MILDRED CORNISH, W.A.A.F., formerly of West Tamworth, celebrates her twenty-first birthday with dance given by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. Cornish, of Willoughby.

ENGAGEMENTS announced:

Ruth, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Sims, of Vaucluse, to Lieut. Roderick Martin, A.I.F., only son of Mr. and Mrs. Foster Martin, of Dover Heights.

Shirley, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Tyler, of Five Dock, to Lieut. Douglas Clayton, A.I.F., only son of Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Clayton, of Coorunga, Summer Hill. Lieut. Clayton is on leave from N.G.



RED CROSS HOME. Dulcie Sheedy (left) helps co-workers Mrs. Harvey Besley, Mrs. H. C. Parish, and Mollie Armstrong stack the flowers at their stall at Graythwaite Gipsy Fair.



Movie World

• Popular Paramount comedian Bob Hope poses with his vivacious and attractive wife, Dolores, who gave up her career as a night-club singer when she married Bob in 1932. They are said to be one of the happiest married couples in Hollywood and

have two adopted children—Linda, aged 4, and Tony, aged 2. Bob recently returned from an entertainment tour of Army camps in England and Africa, and is now touring camps in U.S.A. Next film is "Let's Face It," with Betty Hutton.

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1 **AT AFRICAN** rubber plantation, Witzel (Walter Pidgeon), disgusted at way assistant Ashley (Bramwell Fletcher) has deteriorated, sends him back home.



4 **FASCINATED** by Tondelayo, Langford flaunts all advice, and marries her.



2 **IN PLACE** comes Langford (R. Carlson), and is met by residents (Frank Morgan and Henry O'Neill).



3 **HE IS WARNED** by Witzel to keep away from dangerous native temptress, Tondelayo (Hedy Lamarr).



5 **WITZEL DISCOVERS** the girl is poisoning Langford, and forces her to take some of her own fatal medicine.



6 **LANGFORD** is sent home, and a new man arrives—but this time there is no disturbing Tondelayo around.

MGM make "White Cargo"

MGM's "White Cargo," based on Leon Gordon's famous play, is a stark drama of life on a jungle rubber plantation, and of the deadly strife of tropical Africa that sears a white man's soul.

Film stars Walter Pidgeon as Witzel, fighting a one-man battle against the spell of the tropics, and Hedy Lamarr as the sultry and mysterious Tondelayo. This time Lamarr, who is probably Hollywood's No. 1 glamor girl, is surrounded by Hollywood's six most disreputable-looking men.

Hedy, in a draped silk jersey huring, looks particularly alluring as the swarthy charmer, but Walter Pidgeon, Richard Carlson, Frank Morgan, Bramwell Fletcher, Henry O'Neill, and Reginald Owen never appear in anything but dirty-white linen, minus collars and ties, their faces are grease-stained, and—for the duration of the film—not one ever shaved.

Furthermore, as the film is set in equatorial Africa, and the stars are never seen without glistening faces and moist clothing, the make-up expert had to use five gallons of glycerine and water to keep them photographically steamy.

Lamarr's make-up also gave expert Jack Dawn some headaches. Three ounces of gold and five layers of make-up were required to make her appear as a really dark-skinned person.

For nearly a month Dawn and his staff experimented on casts of Hedy's face and figure. Another ten days were passed working directly on the star. When the five coats of make-up were applied she was sprayed with a mist-like dust of gold.

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Spending*



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HIS
INJURED
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In glass jars (wartime pack), 1/6, one size only.

Germolene Quickly Heals
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For that reason get the most out of your flash-light batteries. They last longer when you use a series of short flashes. Remember the quickest way to burn out batteries is to leave light on for minutes at a time.



EVEREADY
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The extra long life battery

● If you have several odd pieces of material that are not enough to make a dress, use them up by making a dashing ensemble that is a combination of contrasts. The one sketched below features a green spotted blouse worn with a navy skirt and dramatised with a brilliant red waistcoat.

Spring trio salvaged from last year's togs

● Here is a bright way to put a new top on last summer's world-weary frock. Make it from a remnant or, simpler still, from a discarded shirtmaker blouse, and attach the effective shaped yoke and full sleeves to your frock with matching saddle stitching.



● A severely tailored white linen jacket solves the problem of pepping up last year's printed dress. Best of all, you can team a white jacket like this with practically all your summer frocks, and achieve that well-groomed look.

RFM

Rid Kidneys Of Poisons And Acids

If you suffer sharp, stabbing pains, if you feel tired, if you have aching joints, if you are troubled through faulty kidney action, other symptoms of kidney disorders are Backache, Aching Joints and Limbs, Sciatica, Neuritis, Lumbago, Sleepless Nights, Dizziness, Nervousness, Crises under Eyes, Loss of Energy and Appetite and Frequent Headaches and Colds, etc. Ordinary medicine can't help much because you must get to the root cause of the trouble.

The Cystex treatment is specially compounded to soothe, tone and clean kidneys and bladder and remove acids and poisons from your system safely, quickly, and surely, yet contains no harmful or dangerous drugs. Cystex works in 3 ways to end your troubles.

1. Starts killing the germs which are attacking your kidneys, bladder, and urinary system in two hours, yet is absolutely harmless to human tissue.
2. Gets rid of health-destroying, deadly poisonous acids with which your system has become saturated.
3. Strengthens and reinvigorates the kidneys, protects from the ravages of disease-attack on the delicate filter system, and stimulates the entire system.

Prised by One-time Sufferers

Cystex is approved by one-time sufferers in 15 countries from the troubles shown above. Mr. Reg Thomas, Townsville, Queensland, recently wrote: "My joints were all stiff, I had leg pains, my back used to ache day and night. My bladder was weak. I had headaches and no appetite. The first dose of Cystex helped me and before I finished three boxes my health and strength came back."

Guaranteed to Satisfy or Money Back
Get Cystex from your chemist or store to-day. Give it a thorough test. Cystex is guaranteed to make you feel younger, stronger, better in every way, or your money back if you return the empty package. Act now! Now in 2 sizes—4/6, 8/6.

This is a **GUARANTEED Cystex** Treatment for Your Kidneys, Bladder, Rheumatism



The Infallible Nose of Corporal Blue

Continued from page 5

"I CAN'T believe it's as bad as that," protested the major. "What would cause him to be that way?"

"Grief, excitement, fear of something he couldn't understand."

The major remembered the deep affection that existed between Blue and Skeeter. Perhaps homesickness had brought on the attack. "Is there anything we can do?"

The veterinarian shook his head. "He might get well if he were turned loose on the range, but he is acting so viciously now that I wouldn't advise anyone to go near him. He would attack a man as quickly as he would an animal. My advice is that you have him shot."

Major Pollock's face sobered. He was trying to find some way to take care of the mule until Skeeter could be sent for, but he was a busy man, and this was war. He spoke to a guard, and ordered him to shoot Blue.

Blue was standing still at the moment, on a direct line between the major and the drinking trough. A magpie sailed down from a fence post, lit on the edge of the trough and dipped its bill into the water. The guard dropped on one knee and cocked his rifle. The major was looking directly at the black spot at the base of Blue's left ear, and dreading the sound of the execution.

Suddenly the magpie shot high in the air, swung around crazily and dropped dead.

"Halt!" the major's voice rang out sharply. The guard lowered his gun. Major Pollock walked past him, picked up the bird and examined it. He called to Watson. "Drive all the stock back into the corral. Blue is showing more intelligence than any of the rest of us."

When Blue saw the other mules start back toward the corral he quieted at once, lowered his head and followed meekly after them.

The veterinarian went over to the spring, put his face down near the surface of the water and sniffed. Pallor spread over his face. "Great heaven, Major, there's enough cyanide in this water-hole to kill an army."

"But how could a saboteur have passed the sentry?" the major asked.

"Perhaps this will explain, sir," Watson was coming with a long piece of tin tubing. "I found this up on that hill behind that log. It is just the right length to reach from the log to the spring. A man might have sneaked down the hill under cover of the brush, and by jarring the tin tube with his hand he could have run the cyanide crystals down into the spring."

"Are there any tracks above the log?"

"Yes, sir, plenty of them, and they were not made by army boots."

Major Pollock ordered the guard to warn the camp about the water. He then went up the hillside a short distance to where he had seen a rag hanging on a thorn bush. He thought it might have been used as a signal, but found it to be part of a shirt that had been torn from a man's body.

Watson and an orderly followed

the major up the hill and past the log where Blue had seen the shadow moving just before daylight. Blue had gone into the corral with the rest of the stock. He had expected Watson to shut the gate behind him, but the packer was too much interested in tracing man-tracks to be thinking about mules.

Blue decided to take a chance on slipping past Watson. He walked rapidly up the hill, keeping about fifty yards to the north of where he had seen Watson disappear over the ridge. He stopped on top and oriented himself. Half a mile to the west was the trail he had come over with Skeeter. He started down into the willow thicket.

Watson and the others were only a short distance to the left. Blue knew exactly where they were. He saw his chance to make a quick dash for liberty, totally ignorant that he was running directly for the spot where the Jap who had poisoned the spring had taken refuge under an overhanging willow.

When the badly scared Jap saw the blue mule charging down the hill directly towards him he went into a panic.

Blue heard Watson yell at him, then he saw the Jap crouched beside a willow bush, a stubby automatic pointed at him. Blue was no

stranger to firearms. Skeeter had taught him long ago that the noise made by a gun could not hurt him. He saw flashes of fire and felt the sting of bullets, but the staccato barking of the automatic was no more to him than the buzzing of a greenhead fly.

The terrified Jap dodged to the other side of the bush, but Blue was not going to lose his advantage because of a few willow twigs. He crushed the brush beneath him, frightened the Jap out into the open, and charged down upon him, snorting fiercely.

The orderly, who had followed the major, topped the ridge. He raised his rifle, let the front sight follow through for a short lead, and touched the trigger. The Jap threw both hands high and fell hard.

Blue dodged sharply to the left. Homesickness now had more power over him than fear. He saw that the men were fifty yards away and aloof. Here at last, was the chance to escape he had dared death to gain. He turned abruptly to the left to the nearest brush patch.

Two minutes later Corporal Blue was trotting along a trail through the heavy timber, headed for home—A.W.O.L.

(Copyright)

One Dozen Roses

Continued from page 2

her eyes would open and fix themselves on him again.

"Go on," she would whisper. "Go on remembering—"

For hours he sat there, remembering, talking quietly, soothingly. When she slept soundly at last he held on to his hand, so that he dared not move. All night he sat there, watching her, listening to her quiet breathing, knowing a serenity he had never known before. When the sister came in at length, her face was unusually kind.

"We nurses never quite get over believing in to-morrow," she said softly, when they came out into the corridor. "You must go now, my boy. She is sleeping."

She took him downstairs to hot black coffee. She talked to him quietly, sympathetically, and then let him go. He went straight to Joy, and she came to the door, her lips petulant.

"It's ridiculously early—" she began, and then stopped as she saw the letter he held in his hand. Her eyes sharpened.

"You're not angry about that?" she asked nervously. "I thought it was quite the best thing to do."

"You couldn't even spare her one or two days," he said simply. "You had to be greedy and take even those two days away from her, didn't you? Well, you failed, because she knew all the time. You didn't hurt her by your letter."

Her eyes brightened relievedly. "Then it's all right?" she asked happily. "As you say, we have the rest of our lives before us, haven't we? We can forget these last few days, Rob."

He smiled. "There's just one thing you don't know," he told her quietly. "Mary has the rest of her life before her, too. And if you don't mind, I'm going to the florist now, Joy. I just wanted to say good-bye to you before I went."

"The florist?" she asked sharply. "Why?"

"I'm going to send her a dozen roses," he said simply. "And I'm going to send her my love—and mean it."

(Copyright)

TODAY THE BEDGGOOD NAME IS Higher THAN EVER

Bedggood's have been engaged in the production of FLYING BOOTS for the Air Force... More than 40,000 pairs of these wool-lined, perfectly manufactured boots have already been made... "aerial footwear" that takes Bedggood quality as high as a plane will fly.

Bedggood's feel sure that women on the home-front will understand and be patient if a particular type or style of Bedggood footwear is not always obtainable. When the desired shoes ARE secured, there'll be additional reason for taking good care of them.



Bedggood
FRIENDLY FOOTWEAR



CUTEX MANICURE

Cutex Nail polish is obtainable at all canteens of the Women's Services in Natural and Colourless only. Owing to war conditions there is a shortage of supplies for civilians. Keep the neck of the bottle free of polish and the cap screwed down tightly to make the polish last longer.



CUTEX LIQUID POLISH

- EASIEST TO USE
- WEARS LONGEST
- MOST FASHIONABLE SHADES
- MOST ECONOMICAL
- WILL NOT CHIP OR PEEL

Remember!
CROSSE & BLACKWELL'S
Famous Delicacies

Unexcelled since 1706

SURFERS—and their ears

● Nothing like a swim to keep in trim, but ear-trouble can overtake you if you don't watch out.

By MEDICO

SUMMER is here again, and with it the call of surf and river, which is a good thing because swimming is an ideal exercise.

However, it has several drawbacks—one is ear trouble. Anyone who has ear trouble, such as a disease of the middle ear, should be careful, not only for his own sake, but for the sake of others. Plugging the ears with cotton-wool smeared

with petroleum jelly is a wise precaution, but not always a preventive.

Very often the surfer is troubled with earache. Water gets into the ear passages, either through the ears, the nose, or the mouth, and sets up an inflammation.

If you begin to suffer from pain in the ears, put a little hydrogen peroxide in; this will help to dissolve the wax and the sand. If the pain persists, stop surfing and see a doctor.

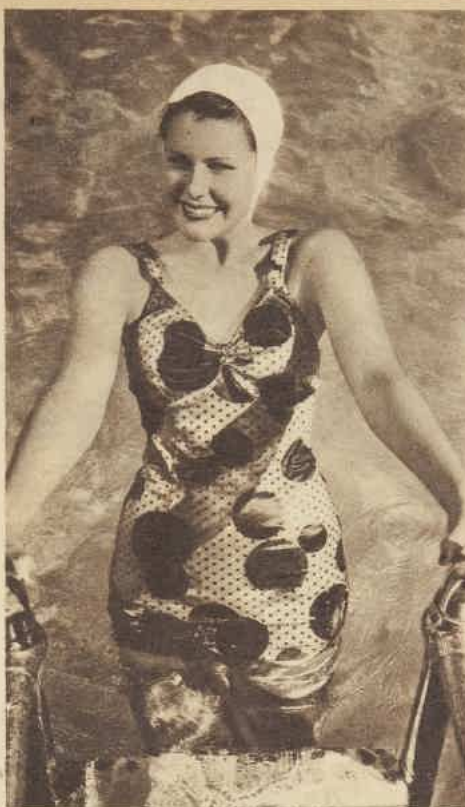
It is not only the surfer who suffers. Those who dive or swim indifferently and breathe at the wrong moment know what it is to get a noseful as well as a mouthful. If swallowing follows, as it generally does, the tube from the throat to the inner ear opens, and is likely to be flooded with infected water.

To avoid this, swimmers should always breathe out through the nose when the head is submerged, and in through the mouth when the head is above water.

All good swimming coaches teach this, but the trick is not easy to learn, and bad habits creep in. For the same reason, jumping into the water feet first should be frowned upon unless the nose is held.

Swimmers who suffer from water in the ears, but have no other symptoms of trouble, will find plugging the ears a help. When they come out of the water, some alcohol drops will dry out the ear.

In most aquatic animals there is some mechanism to close the nose and the ears. We are not so fortunate, but a few simple, preventive methods will save much discomfort, if not trouble.



THIS SWIMMING AND DIVING FAN will never be troubled with "swimming ears," because she protects them adequately. Everyone who swims or dives should take precautions as outlined by Medico in the above article. Children should be watched over by parents.

Miss Precious Minutes says:



VENETIAN BLINDS are an asset to the home, but they do collect dust. The right way to clean them is shown by Lucille Ball, RKO radio star, pictured above. Curtains should be tied back, however, in order to do a proper job.

DOES the ink run when marking linen and clothing? Trick it. Write name or initials in pencil first.

THIS stocking problem. Somebody told me to rub heels and toes with a candle before wearing. I've tried it. It's worth the effort in the interests of wear and tear.

THE petersham band on my skirt sagged, but I rejuvenated it easily this way. I rubbed hard soap on inside, then pressed with hot iron.

A FRIEND of mine used a paste of mustard and vinegar to remove ink stains from material with, she said, excellent results. Paste was left on overnight; garment then washed.

SAFE TOYS FOR BABY



DO NOT give baby celluloid, painted, or hairy kind of toys to play with. They are dangerous. As every young mother knows, everything automatically goes to baby's mouth, so give him hard, safe toys to play with.

By OUR MOTHERCRAFT NURSE

A BABY'S first and best playthings are his own fingers and toes, with which he joyously plays.

If safe, hard, and suitable first toys are given when baby feels his teeth and wants to bite on something hard, there would be fewer bad habits, such as thumb and finger sucking.

These first toys must be safely attached to baby by short tape or ribbon round the neck or wrist, so that he does not get annoyed by losing them at once.

Later, constructive toys to develop baby's mind as well as body should be given.

A leaflet describing baby's playtime and suitable toys has been prepared by our Mothercraft Service Bureau, and will be forwarded to you if a request with a stamped addressed envelope is sent to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney. Please endorse your envelope "Mothercraft."

SKIN HEALTH

The unrivalled germ killing action of Cuticura Ointment is your best possible safeguard against septic poisoning in cuts and all skin abrasions. Blisters, chronic ulcers, rashes, festering and gatherings all swiftly yield to its irresistible healing power.

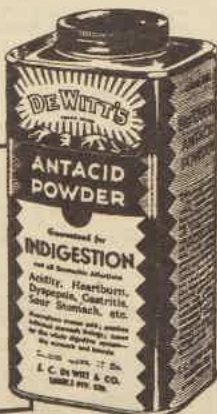
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CUTICURA OINTMENT

DE WITT'S ANTACID POWDER

A Friend in need FOR FLATULENCE

De Witt's Antacid Powder quickly neutralizes excess stomach acid. It does more—it soothes and protects inflamed stomach linings. By helping digest your food, De Witt's Antacid Powder ensures pain-free digestion.



DIRECTIONS FOR USE:

STOMACH DISCOMFORT: A teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water or milk after meals.
CHRONIC ACID STOMACH, GASTRITIS, DYSPEPSIA: One heaped teaspoonful in warm water before breakfast.
DISTURBED REST: One heaped teaspoonful in water before retiring at night.
Children can be given half-dose to allay stomach-ache, biliousness and similar ailments.

DeWitt's ANTACID POWDER

In sky-blue canisters, 2/6

Wedding Days

WHAT WOULD YOU DO?
Alleyne Leslie answers some posers.



Q: Clare's invited to be bridesmaid and suddenly finds the best man is an ex-fiance who walked out on her three years ago. Should she—

1. Call the whole thing off?
2. Put on a brave face and see it through?
3. Confess all to the bride?

A: This is the chance you've been waiting for, Clare. You bet you see it through—and let Erasmus help you put on that radiant complexion men can't forget! Erasmus will make you a beautiful menace to every other girl and incidentally get that "ex" quietly pinching himself for being left at the post.



Q: Who buys the bride's bouquet—

1. The bridesmaids?
2. Bride's father?
3. Groom?

A: The groom has it! And what man doesn't get a kick out of buying flowers to match a petal-soft, wedding-day complexion! If you want to continue to inspire such feelings in his masculine heart, keep right on with Erasmus Cold Cream nightly. It preserves that orange-blossom look.



Q: A bridesmaid - to - he is Sally. When the bride slips away from the reception to change, what's her line—

1. Fair off with the best man?
2. Look after the guests?
3. Accompany the bride?

A: Your place is with the bride, my dear. After she's on her way there'll be time enough to make that indelible impression of yourself. Just make sure your skin is so alluring that the poor chap can't get you out of his head. Erasmus Vanishing Cream is your best friend and a shiny nose's worst enemy.



ERASMIC VANISHING AND COLD CREAMS

In tubes and jars 1/2d.



Little dishes for light meals

● These light, hot savory dishes have been created to spice your menus. They'll please the family, surprise and delight your guests. Do try them!

By **OLWEN FRANCIS**

Food and Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly

EATING is an everyday business, and monotony is an unforgivable culinary crime.

Try one of these dishes in place of the inevitable poached egg for breakfast. Serve them, too, as luncheon or supper "surprises."

They are guaranteed delicious.

CAULIFLOWER AND TOMATO RAREBIT

Four slices of toast, 3 cups cooked cauliflower, 2 tomatoes, 1 egg, 1 cup grated cheese, pepper and salt.

Skin and slice the tomatoes. Chop finely, and heat in saucepan. Stir in the beaten egg and the grated cheese. Cook to a smooth rarebit sauce, stirring well. Season to taste. Pile the hot cauliflower on the hot toast. Pour the tomato rarebit on top. Garnish with parsley and serve at once.

PARSNIP PUFTALOONS

Two cups mashed parsnips, 3 tablespoons flour, 2 eggs, 1 cup milk, pepper and salt.

Stir the flour into the parsnips. Add beaten eggs and then milk, adding sufficient to mix to a light consistency. Fry by spoonfuls until a golden brown. Drain and serve at once.

OMELETTE SAVOYARDE

Three eggs, 1 cup diced, cooked potato, 1 cup sliced tomato, 1 cup chopped sweet chili, 1 dessertspoon chopped bacon, 1 teaspoon salt, 1½ teaspoon pepper, 2 tablespoons water, little dripping or butter.

Saute the potato in a little fat until lightly browned. Add the tomato and parboiled sweet chili and cook a further one minute. Add the bacon. Beat the egg-yolks, pepper and salt, and water. Fold in the stiffly beaten egg-whites. Add the vegetables and bacon, and pour into a well-greased pan. Cook fairly slowly until golden brown underneath and set lightly throughout. Fold in two. Slip on hot plate and serve immediately.

PARSLEY SCONES

(With Creamed Vegetables)

Four ounces self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon butter or margarine, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, pinch thyme, 1 teaspoon salt, dash of pepper, 1 egg, 1-3rd cup milk, 2 cups diced, cooked vegetables, 1 cup white sauce, 1 tablespoon grated cheese.

Sift flour, salt and pepper. Rub in butter. Add parsley and thyme. Mix to a soft dough with egg and milk. Knead lightly, press in round, cut across into four wedges. Glaze and bake in a hot oven (450 deg. F.) for 15 minutes. Break open and pile with vegetables, heated in white sauce and cheese.

CHEESE-CRUSTED VEGETABLE SCALLOPS

Two or three cooked beetroot, 1 cup finely chopped celery, 2 cups white sauce, 2 tablespoons breadcrumbs, 3 tablespoons grated cheese, pepper and salt, parsley sprigs.

Grease 4 to 6 small scallop dishes. Dice the beetroot and mix with the celery. Heat the sauce and add to the vegetables, seasoning to taste. Pile into the scallop dishes and top each with a good layer of mixed crumbs and grated cheese. Bake in a moderately hot oven (375 deg. F.) until brown and sizzling. Garnish with parsley sprigs.

PIQUANT CHEESE FRITTERS

Three tablespoons flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1 teaspoon salt, 1½ teaspoon pepper, 1 egg, 1-3rd cup warm water, 2 tablespoons finely grated, well-flavored cheese, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1½ tablespoons chopped sour gherkins or pickle.

Sift flour, baking powder, salt, and pepper. Stir in the beaten egg-yolk and warm water. Fold in the stiffly beaten egg-white, and lastly lightly stir in the grated cheese, parsley, and gherkin. Deep fry spoonfuls in fuming fat. Drain on crumpled paper. Serve hot and freshly cooked with hot tomato slices and spinach or green peas.

EGGS BON FEMME

Quarter cup vinegar, 1 tablespoon finely chopped onion or eschalot, pinch nutmeg, 1 teaspoon salt, dash of pepper, 4 eggs, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley.

Grease a small oven-proof dish. Heat vinegar, onion or eschalot, nutmeg, salt, and vinegar, and pour into dish. Break eggs separately and pour into dish. Bake slowly (325 deg. F.) until lightly set. Serve at once with browned potato slices and hot tomato.

HOT SAVORY TOMATOES

Four medium-sized, round red tomatoes, 1 cup minced cooked lamb, 1 cup soft breadcrumbs, 1 teaspoon chopped onion, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, pinch dried herbs, milk or stock to mix, pepper and salt.

Cut tops off tomatoes. Scoop inside pulp and pound with meat, onion, crumbs, parsley, and herbs. Moisten with milk or stock. Season to taste. Pile into tomato cases. Place with tomato top on meat. Bake in a moderately hot oven (350 deg. F.) for about 20 minutes until the tomatoes are soft, but not broken, and the filling is piping hot. Serve on hot dishes with toast fingers.

SCRAMBLED CORN ON TOAST

Two cups cooked corn (sliced from the cob), 3 eggs, 3 tablespoons milk, 1 tablespoon fat, salt and pepper, chopped parsley, four small slices of toast.

Saute the corn in the fat for about five minutes or until delicately browned, stirring constantly. Add the beaten eggs and milk and cook gently until just set. Season to taste. Pile on hot toast and sprinkle with chopped parsley. Grilled tomato halves, sprinkled with cheese, and hot greens, may be served to make the service platter more satisfying.

CHILLI CON CARNE

One onion, 1 green pepper, 1 dessertspoon fat, 3 tomatoes, 1 cup cooked haricot beans, 1½ minced meat, 1 teaspoon chilli or curry powder, 1 teaspoon salt, a dash of nutmeg, and 1 cup buttered crumbs (toss crumbs in little butter, margarine or dripping), with 1 cup grated cheese.

Chop the onion and green pepper and saute in the fat for a few minutes. Add skinned and chopped tomatoes, the beans, minced meat, curry powder, nutmeg, and salt. Cover and cook gently for 15 minutes. Turn into a greased oven-proof dish, sprinkle with the crumbs and cheese, and bake in a hot oven (425 deg. F.) for about 10 minutes or until the cheese and crumbs are browned.

THERE are reputedly 397 ways of cooking eggs! The little hot egg ramekins, illustrated on the left, are rather tasty. Straw the bottoms and sides of the ramekins with chopped chives—home grown, of course—or parsley, before breaking the egg into each. Bake about 20 minutes. Try serving them with hot buttered cheese rolls.

HOT POTATO SALAD

(With Sharp Dressing)

Four hot potatoes, 1 tablespoon chopped eschalot, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 set brains (crumbed and fried), 1 cup salad cream, 1 teaspoon curry powder, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, squeeze lemon juice, 1 tablespoon chutney or cauliflower pickles, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, wafer biscuits brushed with butter and sprinkled with cheese, 2 or 3 hard-boiled eggs.

Peel and dice the cooked potatoes and mix with the chopped eschalot, parsley, and diced brains. Keep hot. Add the curry powder, lemon rind, lemon juice, and pickle to the salad cream. Pile the hot potato in a hot dish. Top with salad cream and sprinkle with parsley, and surround with sliced or quartered hard-boiled eggs.

STUFFED BAKED CUCUMBERS

Two long, young cucumbers, 1 cup minced cooked lamb, 1 cup soft breadcrumbs, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 dessertspoon finely chopped onion, pepper and salt, little milk or stock, 1 tablespoon browned breadcrumbs, 1 teaspoon butter or margarine, parsley sprigs.

Peel the cucumber, place in hot water, bring to boil, and drain. Slice in half, lengthwise, and remove centre pulp from each. Chop this pulp and combine with minced lamb, breadcrumbs, parsley, and onion. Season this mixture to taste, and pile into cucumber cases. Sprinkle with browned crumbs, which have been heated with the butter or margarine. Bake in a moderate oven (375 deg. F.) until lightly browned and thoroughly heated, about 20 minutes.

KIDNEY SOUFFLE

One cup thick white sauce, 3 lambs' kidneys, 1½ tablespoons chopped bacon, 1 teaspoon chopped onion, pinch of dried marjoram, 1 dessertspoon butter or margarine or bacon fat, 2 or 3 eggs, pepper and salt.

Pour boiling water over the kidneys, and drain. Chop finely and saute in the butter or bacon fat in a lidded pan, for 2 or 3 minutes. Add the onion and pinch of marjoram. Beat the egg-yolks into the white sauce. Add the kidney mixture and then fold in the stiffly beaten egg-whites. Season to taste. Pour into a greased prepared souffle case or ovenproof dish, and bake in a moderate oven (375 deg. F.) for 20 to 25 minutes. Serve at once.

HERB EGGS

Two cups breadcrumbs, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 teaspoon mixed chopped herbs, 1 teaspoon butter or margarine, 1 teaspoon minced onion, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon pepper, milk to moisten, 6 eggs.

Grease six small ramekin cases. Combine breadcrumbs, parsley, herbs, onion, pepper and salt. Melt the butter and add, and mix to a soft consistency with milk. Half fill the ramekins with this mixture. Break the eggs, pouring one into each ramekin. Stand in a dish of boiling water and bake in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.), or poach until set, about 15 minutes. Serve hot, and freshly cooked with fingers of freshly made toast.

BUBBLES ... LIGHTS OUT



PRIZE DISHES TO TEMPT THE APPETITE...



CHEESE PANCAKES, as pictured above, are delicious. Make a pancake batter without sugar. Let stand 1 hour, then add grated cheese, salt, pepper, parsley. Fry in ordinary way. Serve piping hot with sprinkling of cheese.

TOMATO TART
FOR a meatless day the tomato tart is an appetite-provoking savory. A good dripping pastry can be used.

If the tomatoes are very ripe, use a layer of crumbs under the layer of tomatoes.
The spaghetti meat sauce has that Continental touch; it's great food for a company supper served piping hot and followed by a cold, crisp salad.

TOMATO TART

Here is something different. It is delicious served with mashed potatoes, and it helps out the meat ration.

Make an ordinary short paste and cover a large plate with it. Put 1 lb. of tomatoes into boiling water for a moment, then remove skins. Slice

● Do you think you can beat these prize-winning recipes? If so, send in your latest kitchen creation. Cash prizes awarded every week in our popular contest.

tomatoes quarter-inch thick, and slice a large onion thinly. Repeat until tomatoes and onion are used. Sprinkle with pepper and salt to taste, then add a layer of three tablespoons of grated cheese (stale cheese is excellent for the purpose). Cover with a lid of paste, and bake in moderate oven until nicely browned.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. P. M. Peters, Belford, Pioneer Avenue, Upwey, Vic.

SPAGHETTI WITH SAVORY MEAT SAUCE

(For six)

One packet spaghetti, 1 lb. minced topside or round steak, 1 lb. ripe cooking tomatoes (sliced), 3 onions (sliced), 3 cloves garlic, 4 cloves (spice), salt and pepper, little grated cheese.

To Cook Sauce: Put onions in saucepan with half-cup cold water. Bring to boil and stir for a minute or two. Add meat and continue to stir until water is absorbed. Add tomatoes, cloves, garlic, salt, and pepper, stir well. If tomatoes are not very ripe, add a tablespoon tomato sauce. Cook gently for 2½ hours. Note: When olive oil is available, a tablespoon added to this sauce is a great improvement.

Spaghetti: Put in a large saucepan of boiling, salted water, and boil for 25 minutes. Drain well, and serve with cheese on top, then meat on top of cheese.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss Marie Zalocostas, c/o Mrs. Coles, 11 Arthur Circle, Canberra, A.C.T.

FOUR ORANGE SWEETS WITH ONE BASE

For Base: Put 1 cup orange juice and pulp, 1½ cups water, and 2 level tablespoons sugar in a saucepan and bring to the boil. Add 5 dessert-spoons cornflour mixed to a thin cream with cold water, and stir quickly till it thickens, cook for 2 minutes, stirring constantly.

Orange Shape: Set mixture in wetted mould, and serve with cream or custard.

Orange Velvet: Add the beaten

GARDENING BULLETIN

PLANT out more tomato plants this month in open, sunny positions. Very early results are obtained from this crop if the plants are stem-pruned.

BEAR in mind that the vegetables likely to be scarce during war-days are carrots, potatoes, most other root crops, and beans and peas.

SOW more French beans every fortnight, and a hill or two of climbing beans every month until February.

ONIONS, too, are likely to be scarce, but cabbages, cauliflowers, squashes, marrows, pumpkins, and a few others will be fairly plentiful. But why take a risk? Grow your own!

SOW more sweet-corn, beets, carrots, parsnips, sweet potatoes, celery, cucumbers, leeks, and lettuce. You'll find plenty to do with all the home-grown produce next winter.

—OUR HOME GARDENER.

Pimples Go Cause Killed in 3 Days

The very first application of Nixoderm begins to clear away pimples. Use Nixoderm to-night and you will soon see your skin becoming soft, smooth, and clear. Nixoderm is a new discovery that kills germs and parasites on the skin that cause Pimples, Boils, Red Blisters, Eczema, Ringworm and Eruptions. You can't get rid of your skin troubles until you remove the germs that hide in the tiny pores of your skin. Get Nixoderm from your chemist or store to-day under the positive guarantee that Nixoderm will banish pimples, and clear your skin soft and smooth or money back on return of empty package.

Nixoderm 2/- & 4/-
For Skin Sores, Pimples and Itch.

yolks of two eggs to base when it has cooked the 2 minutes, and stir well. It does not need any more cooking. Pour into plectid. Make a meringue of the egg-whites, 1 teaspoon sugar, and few drops of orange juice. Pile on top and bake till light brown. Serve with cream.

Orange Meringue Pie: Orange velvet in a cooked pastry case. Serve with cream.

Orange Fluff: Add yolks to base, allow to cool a little, then beat in stiffly beaten whites. Set in mould and serve with cream (if and when available) or fruit jelly.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Doris Barlow, Gurteen Private Bag, Ten-terfield, N.S.W.

CHOCOLATE CUP PUDDING

Six ounces of plain flour, 2 tablespoons cocoa, 1 teaspoon carb. soda, 4oz. sugar, 2oz. beef dripping or margarine, 2 well-beaten eggs (reserve white of one), 2 tablespoons golden syrup, 1 cup milk, 1 teaspoon vanilla.

Cream dripping and sugar, add eggs gradually, then the golden syrup. Sieve flour, cocoa, and carb. soda, add them, and lastly milk and vanilla. Grease 6 cups and half fill with the mixture. Then stand in a double roaster or saucepan containing about 2 inches boiling water. Cover with greaseproof paper and



ICE-CREAM is a food, not a treat. Whipped gelatine custard frozen in a domestic refrigerator is a luscious substitute.

put on lid, which should fit tightly. Steam 25 minutes and serve with following sauce.

Sauce: One pint milk, 1½ tablespoons of maizena, 2 tablespoons sugar, few drops vanilla. Bring milk to boiling point and add maizena and sugar, which has been mixed to a smooth paste. Cook 3 minutes, remove, add stiffly beaten egg-white and vanilla.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. J. Carr, Victoria St., Loch, Vic.

ABOVE: Potato and fish ramekins flavored with lemon and parsley can be served hot or cold with salad greens. Served in this fashion a little fish goes a long way.



Plays a war-time role

We all know the wool bale's peacetime role is supplying us with suitings, underwear, blankets, floor coverings and hundreds of peacetime comforts.

But now the wool bale helps to clothe and equip Australia's fighting forces.

Because of the urgency of defence requirements, peacetime deliveries of Feltex are no longer possible, so to-day we ask you to take care of your

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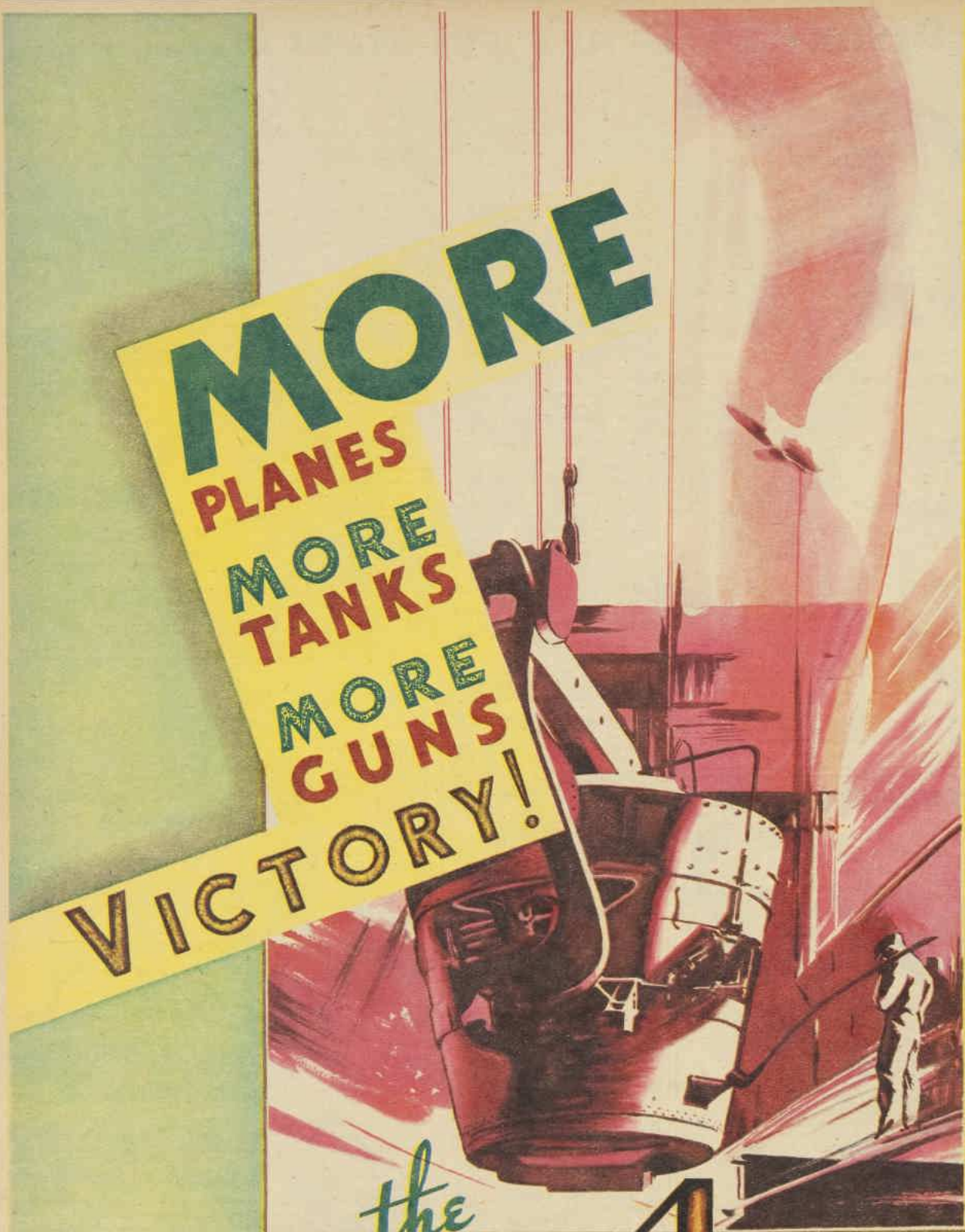
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